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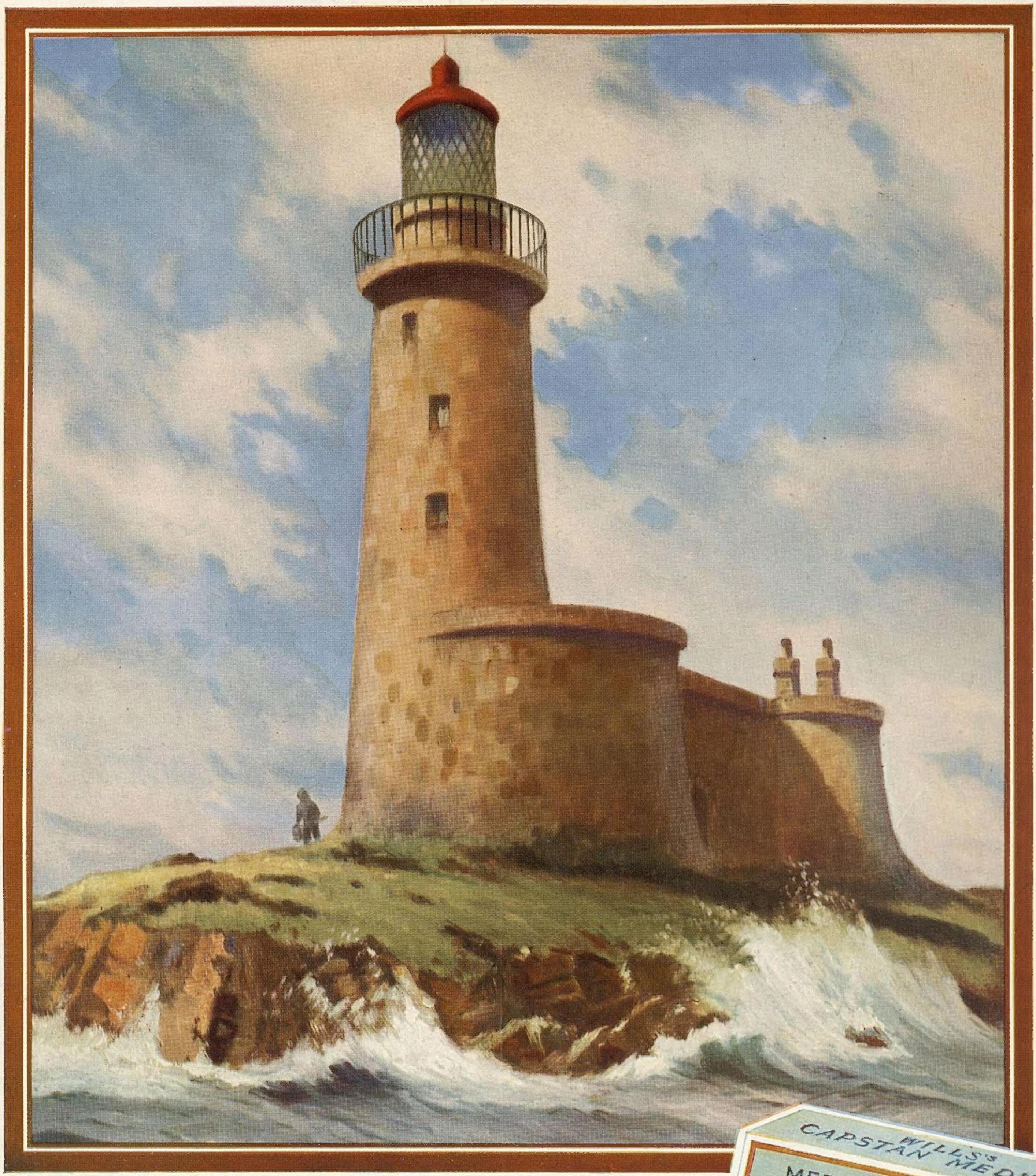

Longstones Lighthouse in 1838

THE SCENE OF GRACE DARLING'S HEROISM

A hundred years ago, charge of a lighthouse was often entrusted to a family : the keeper's wife, and his children when above a certain age, were paid as ' assistant keepers '. The heroine Grace Darling and her mother were assistant keepers at the Longstones Lighthouse, one of two lights which have marked the Farne Islands, off the Northumberland coast, for about a century and a half.

Grace, a skilled and daring boatwoman since childhood, had long dreamt of performing some deed comparable with those she had read about in books of adventure at sea. It was at her insistence that she and her father rowed to the s.s. " Forfarshire " wrecked on the Hawkers Rocks, a mile out, during a great gale on September 7th, 1838. They rescued all the survivors and nursed them in the lighthouse until they could be moved to the mainland.

Grace Darling was only twenty-five when she died four years later, while yet at the height of her immense celebrity. She had refused all offers which would take her away from the lighthouse.

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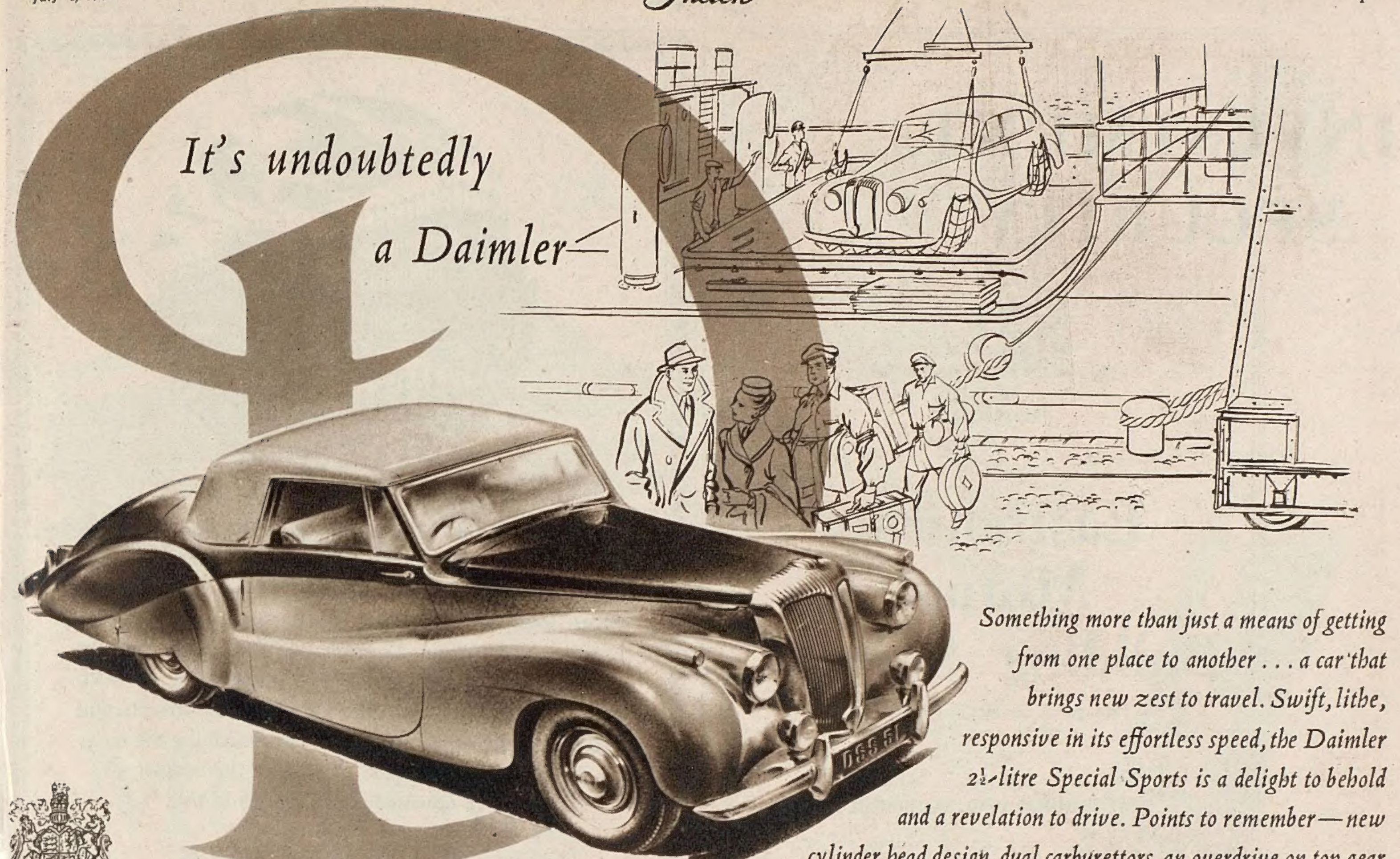

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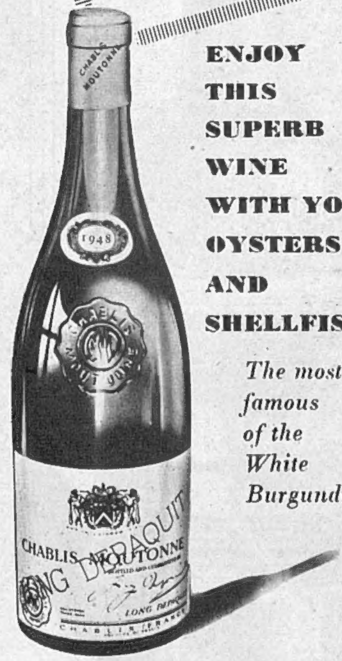

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[3P 104]

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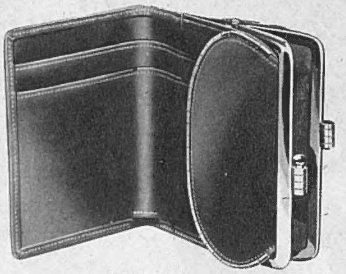

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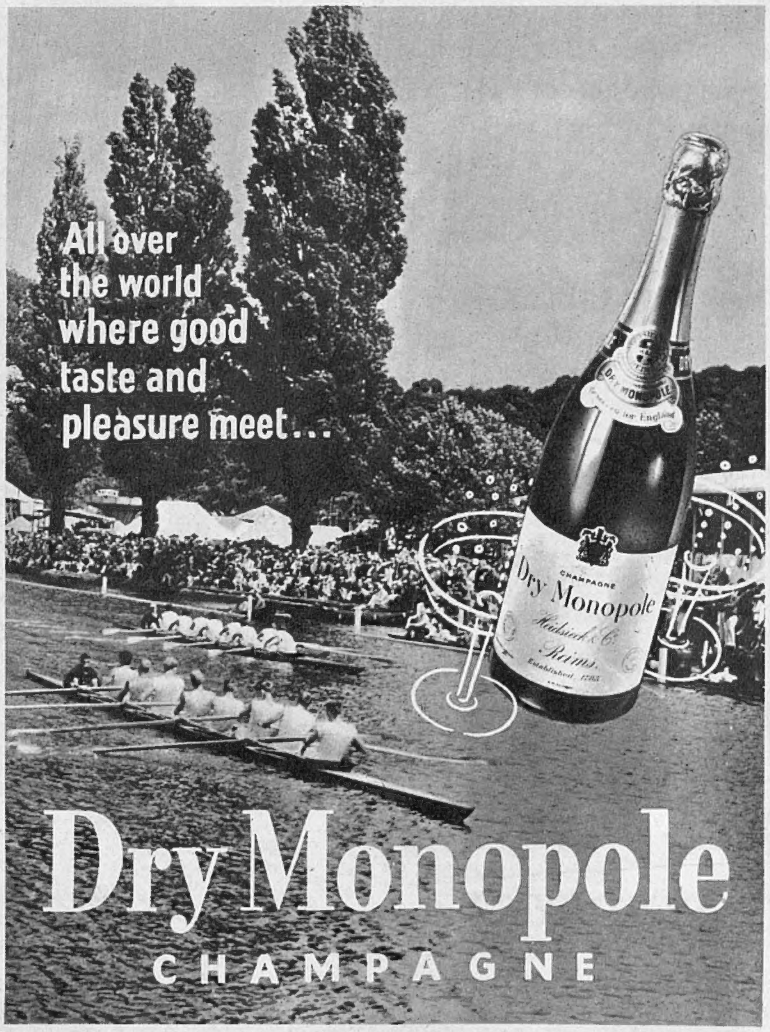

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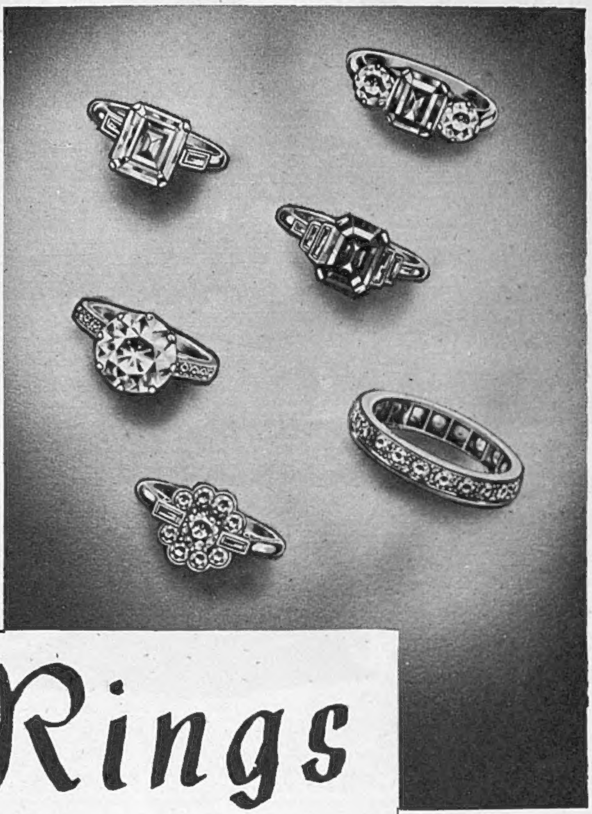

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1951

Specially photographed for "The Sketch," by Bertram Park.

LORD BLANDFORD AND HIS FIANCÉE

THIS exclusive and attractive photograph of the newly-engaged Marquess of Blandford, heir to the Duke of Marlborough, and Miss Susan Hornby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby, of Pusey House, Faringdon, Berkshire, was taken in the grounds of her home. The pair have known each other from childhood, and both are close friends of Princess Margaret. The wedding will take place in October.

YORK FESTIVAL LIGHTS. Thousands of people gathered on the banks of the Ouse and Lendal Bridge to gaze at these gaily-illuminated boats, part of York's Festival attractions. York's Georgian Ball is featured in following pages.

Sketch-Book

By Henry Longhurst

THIS will be a poor week for oil-grabbers, strikers, all-night debaters, Gromyko, the lady who went to see the enemy in Korea, and the other normal occupants of the headlines. This week nobody cares—and why should they? The great British public has settled down to its annual jamboree of Sport. The South Africans—all, we hope, in an upright position—will be trying to win the third Test at Old Trafford; the girls will be showing off their underwear at Wimbledon; weatherbeaten figures like elderly boy scouts will be peering through their telescopes at Bisley, while across the Irish Sea, within a couple of brassie shots of the Giant's Causeway, Bobby Locke will be trying to do what no man has done since Bob Ferguson did it in the '90's—namely, to achieve a hat-trick in the Open golf championship.

For all that, nothing in this world, to my mind, equals Henley. If I were trying to show a friend from overseas the beauty and spirit of an English summer in one glimpse, I should take him to Henley Bridge and let him gaze down on the bright-blue regatta course stretching away between its white posts to Temple Island, the pink ramblers cascading from Phyllis Court, and the background of hills and woods in every shade of yellow, green and hazy blue—to say nothing of multicoloured rowing caps on venerable heads and the fine feathers of ladies who, as they do not have to pretend to know about the rowing, can give undivided attention to their proper function, which is to decorate the proceedings.

Not that I claim to know anything about rowing myself. I have never known and have long since not dared to ask, what "Lady Margaret" stands for, and I could not tell you whether a man was rowing in the style of Fairbairn or Doggett's Coat and Badge. In nearly four years at Cambridge I never met a rowing man, for between them and the outer world there was a great gulf fixed. From time to time they would emerge one evening, become monumentally intoxicated on three pints, burn a few gowns, "squares" and the furniture of some luckless fellow who had forgotten to lock his door—and go back into training next morning, aided by

the fact that they had been "gated" for the rest of the term anyway.

Indeed, it was not until a year or so ago that I met a rowing man in the flesh. This occurred in the heart of the Sudan Province of Darfur, not less than 2000 miles from the nearest place where anyone could row, and the man in question, who was a person of the highest rectitude and, like all good District Commissioners, a Wykehamist, turned out to have been joint hero of what is surely one of the most remarkable episodes in all sporting annals. His name is Ranhold Laurie and, with John Wilson, another District Commissioner in the Sudan, he came home on leave in 1948 and won the coxless pairs at Henley, not in the regatta, but in the Olympic Games. As neither had rowed for some years and as Wilson, furthermore, on leaving his courtroom one day, had had a spear passed clean through him by a dissatisfied litigant, in at the back and out at the front, their achievement seems to me quite fantastic and, had it been done by an American pair, would have been known throughout the length and breadth of Merrie England. Not long ago, alas, Laurie joined the steady flow of men who under the present régime could see no future in a service which historians may assess to have been one of our most shining colonial achievements and, leaving the Sudan, came home to study medicine.

CYNICS have been known to insinuate that people who buy paintings do so more for the name of the artist than the appearance of the picture. This view was, of course, strengthened by the curious case of Van Meegeren, who painted pictures which the world's leading experts certified as originals, declaring which of the Old Masters had painted them and when and where. Van Meegeren then earned £10,000 for the painting on the ground that it was the real thing and two years in gaol on the ground that it was not.

At any rate, we shall see an intriguing test of this "Artist or Picture?" principle in London this week when they auction the collection of paintings, by persons distinguished in spheres far removed from art, which at the moment graces the Trafford Galleries in Mount Street.

Will people pay more for "Fishing Boats," by David Niven (and very good, too, seeing that he has been painting for only five months), than for the same pair of boats rendered by Aunt Edith? Is the cash value of a landscape increased through its being painted in the spare time of a Duke? Probably.

More interesting than the pictures are the reasons people give for painting them. Noël Coward, who appears to have laid on his Jamaican sea straight out of a tube of ready-made mauve, finds it "exciting and relaxing—because each picture one attempts might be one's best so far and if it is a hopeless failure it does not matter." Others paint from less orthodox motives. Elliott Blake finds it helps him in his plastic surgery, though he has had to "avoid Picasso's later tendencies when designing human reconstructions." The Duke of Marlborough, having given it up, started again when smitten with arthritis. Mary Borden started when she had two houses to furnish in Syria in the war and had nothing to put on the walls; Maurice Webb, the Minister of Food, as a substitute for interests he had to give up when he lost a leg.

My own sympathies, as a highly secret painter, lie with another Member of Parliament, Hamilton Kerr, because we were cast simultaneously into the political wilderness and thereafter became prospective candidates in adjacent divisions. Every schoolboy knows that the lowest form of animal life is the amœba, a transparent, invisible little creature whose only claim to fame lies in its power to multiply by that very interesting process known as parthenogenesis. Some schoolboys, however, when they grow up, learn by hard experience that there exists a sub-species lacking even the amœba's power of simple multiplication—the prospective Parliamentary candidate. More than once we exchanged condolences on our life and hard times, and the fact that Hamilton Kerr preserved his sanity, while I threw in the towel, is attributable to his devotion to painting. He calls it the "true welfare state, which keeps you happy from the cradle to the grave."

THERE is nothing for it but to report yet another victory for the bureaucrats. This concerns the unhappy episode of the Colonel, the Godson and H.M. Customs and Excise *in re* the Solicited Biscuits. The Colonel, on passing through Malta eighteen months ago, had successfully transmitted to the Godson (who is my son) some of those splendidly English biscuits, now obtainable anywhere but in England, decorated by animals in white icing. Thinking to do a good turn at Christmas, he sent an order to Malta for another 3 lb. On arrival at the docks these were at once impounded and a steady correspondence arose between the Customs and the Colonel. Had he a licence to import food into our groaning island? No? Well, was he aware that it was an offence, etc., etc.? No, he had sent some before and they had been much enjoyed. Further forms and letters were exchanged, but finally the question was bluntly put: *Were the biscuits Solicited?* Well—er—not really—at least, that is, not by the Godson, anyway . . .

Verdict on the Colonel: guilty. Sentence on the biscuits: nationalisation. And may they now be full of boll-weevils!

A FRIEND of long standing who is, among other things, President of the Detroit Historical Commission, was reflecting in a recent letter the impression, only too common in the United States, that we were doing virtually nothing in the war in Korea. This drew from me a finely patriotic response in which I pointed out how we had been engaging the common enemy in Malaya for years without assistance and how our part either in the cold war, or any of the hot ones within human memory, was not remotely appreciated in America, and anyway we had been keeping the freedom of the seas for the Americans, singlehanded and at our own expense, since the days of the *Mayflower* . . .

In reply he sends me the story of a man who was down and out and finally got in to see a supposedly good friend of his:

"Sam, how can you treat me this way?" he says. "When you were a little boy and you didn't have enough pocket money to go to school, I gave you money out of my own pocket to help finance your education. When you graduated, I took you into my own business, taught you all I knew about it so that eventually you went into business for yourself and made a big success.

"When you wanted to get married, I introduced you to a beautiful girl, from a very fine family. Because of this you now have a lovely wife and fine children. When we were in the war together, you will remember that you were wounded and in face of the enemy fire I crawled out and carried you back to safety, saving your life. During the depression, when things got tough and you needed some money to finance your business for a while, I gave you thousands of dollars to see you through. Now, when things have turned around and I need some help, and I come to you, I have trouble even getting past your secretary. Why do you treat me this way?"

And the other man said, "George, everything you say is absolutely correct. I agree that you did all these things for me in the past, BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE LATELY?"

This, says my friend, is supposed to be American humour. It suits my palate too.

Henry Longhurst

"We supply a police whistle, Madam, with every bottle!"
Drawn by Boast.

York's Brilliant Georgian Ball

WITH a brilliance which could hardly have been surpassed even in the immortal Augustan Age, York's early eighteenth-century Assembly Rooms brought back to life that glittering period with its Georgian Ball on June 15, under the patronage of the Princess Royal. Descendants of those fashionable people—the élite, the distinguished, who had contributed towards the erection of the building designed 200 years ago by that architect and man of taste the third Earl of Burlington—met with others in period costume to dance in his ballroom, with its marble Corinthian columns, gilded capitals, for background. Fans fluttered, bewigged and powdered heads bowed and the graceful days when York was the metropolis of the North and England's sporting capital returned for five sparkling hours. Electric light, replacing candlelight in copies of the original chandeliers, enhanced the dazzle of priceless Georgian jewellery, diamonds, topazes, gold braid. The splendid display of flower decoration was arranged by Miss Patricia Bowes-Lyon, a niece of the Queen, and Miss Susan Studdy.

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Harold White.

(*Above.*) At the pillared entrance to the splendid ballroom, three periwigged escorts waited.

(*Right.*) Highlight of the evening: the dancing of the minuet by thirty-two descendants of subscribers who provided funds for the building of the Assembly Rooms in honour of Lord Burlington.

(*Above.*) All the colour and grace of the eighteenth century was seen at its best during the dancing of the minuet. Priceless heirlooms in lace, jewels and gold ornaments were worn.

(*Right.*) At the opening of the ball most of the dancers wore masks.

Points of interest in the portrait of the famous architect, Lord Burlington, who designed York's Assembly Rooms, were discussed by Mr. Henry Carr and his wife.

Continued overleaf

York's Brilliant Georgian Ball

(continued)

Mob-capped waitresses served refreshments and Mrs. Wrangham, left, accepted some orangeade. With her, l. to r.: Judge Wrangham, Miss Thompson, and Mr. A. B. Boyle, a barrister.

In period costume, and possibly conversation: Mr. C. M. Wales, Miss M. L. Watson, Mr. H. R. N. Shepherd, K.C., Recorder of York, with his wife sitting in the foreground.

Among the gay and gorgeously-dressed guests were, l. to r.: Miss Lucy Strickland, descendant of a subscriber; Lieut. L. H. Oliphant, Mr. Richard Legard and Captain Thomas Legard, also descendants of subscribers, and Mrs. Legard.

L. to r.: Miss Watson, Mr. F. Johnson, Colonel R. A. Smith, secretary of the East Riding Georgian Society; Lady Waechter de Grimston—whose family has lived in Yorkshire since 1136 and whose ornaments include a bracelet miniature of Thomas Grimston, painted in 1735—who is a link with the original subscribers.

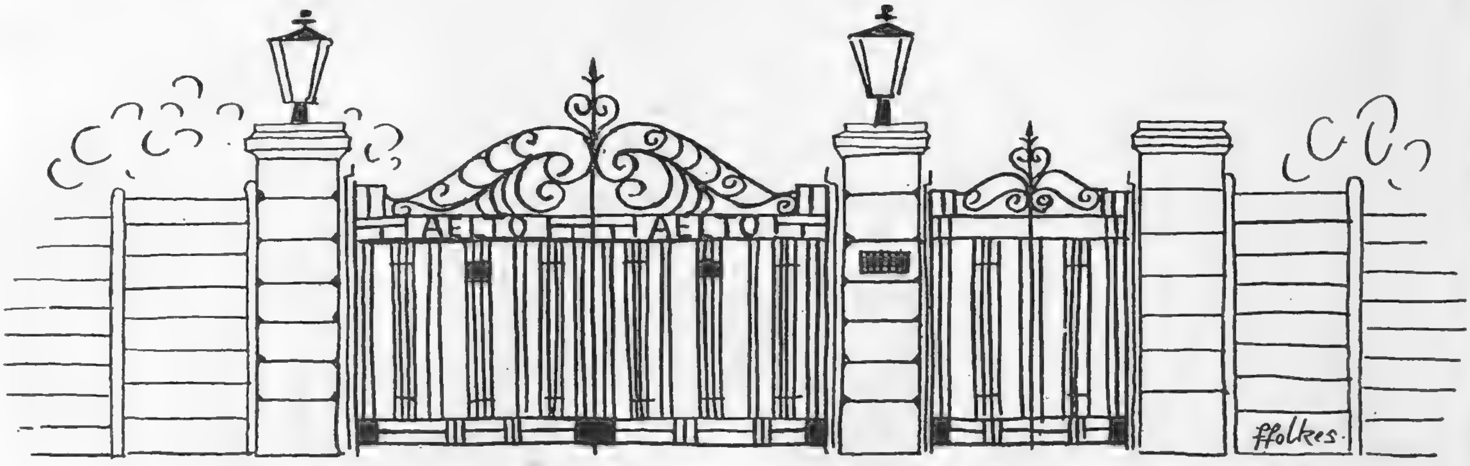
And here: Councillor R. Scruton, the City Sheriff, in Court dress; Miss Paddy Scruton, Mr. Robert Scruton, Mrs. Scruton, the Lady Mayoress Mrs. Kaye, and her husband Alderman J. H. Kaye, Lord Mayor of York.

A splendidly Georgian group—from l. to r.: Mrs. Miles Brown, Miss Sheila Crampton, Mrs. Elise Butterfield, Councillor Miles Brown, Mrs. E. Crampton, Mr. E. Crampton, Mrs. Beatrice Hunter, Miss Shirley Brown.

Sitting out, l. to r.: Lady Bonham-Carter and Miss Eve Fairfax represented ancestors who subscribed to the building of the Assembly Rooms; Mr. Arthur Boys, right, supervised the decorations; ordered from Italy glass chandeliers copied from the original designs; flame-like bulbs from America. Mr. Charles Thornton stands behind.

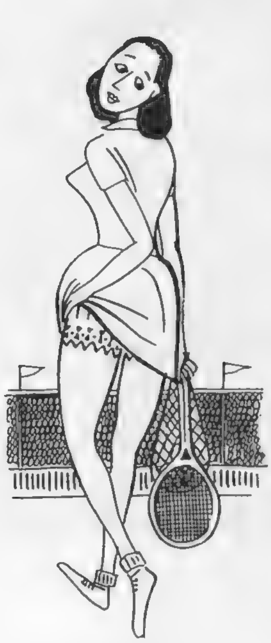
Lady Deramore's dress of white and gold brocaded satin, embroidered with tiny gold *fleur-de-lis*, was worn with heirloom diamonds in eighteenth-century settings. With her is the Rev. D. D. Haw.

Melvillainy



LAMENT

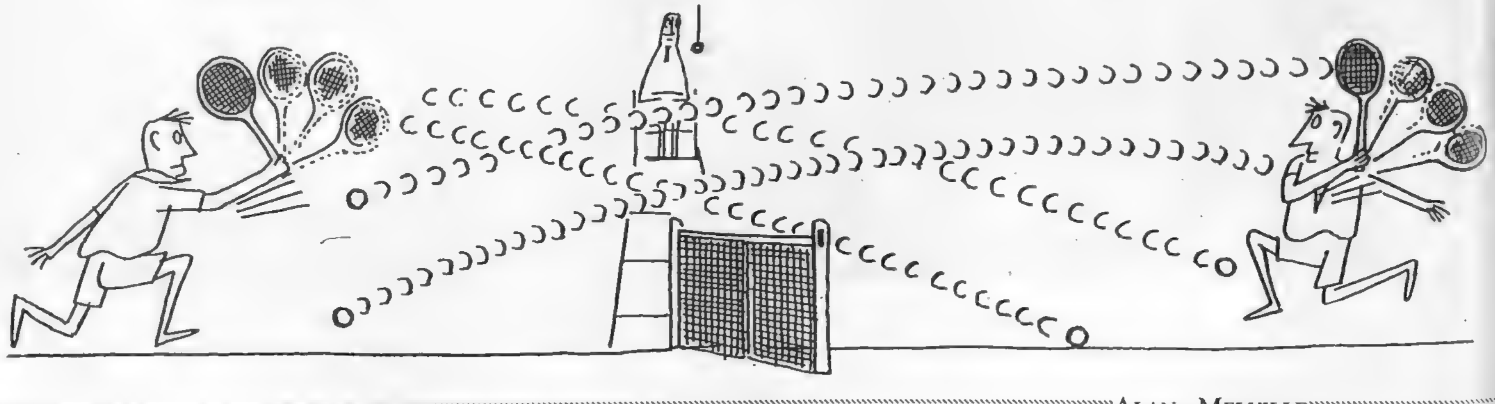
MISS BROUGH is tough
Miss Fry is spry
Miss Beverley Baker is charming.
Patty is natty
Molly is a joy
And Bergelin's smash is alarming.
But we miss the *élan* of Miss Moran
And Wimbledon for us
Is a sadder place without the lace
Displayed by Gorgeous Gus.



Miss Hart is smart
Miss Tuckey is plucky
Mrs. Todd has a vehement volley.
Miss Rosenquest
May look her best
And Mrs. Dupont is jolly.
But we sadly sigh for the days gone by—
Though officials looked askance—
When the finest sport on the Centre Court
Was glimpsing Gertrude's pants.

Drobny delights us
Miss Chaffee's a lamb
Kenneth McGregor 's a honey.
Sturgess excites us
We 're mad about Flam
Sedgman is value for money.
But we find that the game is not the same :
Professional sport is a menace.
There is nothing to show since Gus turned pro—
And all we 've to look at is tennis.

Illustrated by Michael Ffolkes



ALAN MELVILLE

Photographed by Baron

THE ESSENTIAL SPAIN

IN every passionate movement, in their inimitable style and wild dignity, these Spanish dancers, Rosario and Antonio, excite and enthral the audiences at the Cambridge Theatre. With subtle castanet play, a tick or a crescendo, Spain's regional dances—flamenco, jota, gitana—are performed in their true pattern to the thrumming of guitars in the airs of Albéniz, de Falla, Granados, Garcia Lorca, as the pair stamp and swirl with polished technique. Antonio's Zapateado is undoubtedly the highest form of virtuosity ever known in this country, and in Rosario's Leyenda (Asturias)—her major solo contribution to the programme—Spanish dancing is fused in a concentrated essence of Andalusia.

Photographed by Harlip.

JULY BRIDE

MISS RACHEL BRAND, elder daughter of the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Brand, of Mill Court, Alton, Hampshire, is to marry playwright the Hon. William Douglas-Home, third son of the Earl and Countess of Home, of The Hirsel, Coldstream, Berwickshire. They will live in Scotland. Mr. Douglas-Home, author of *Now Barabbas . . .*, *The Chiltern Hundreds* and other plays, has a new one coming out in the autumn—*The Little Beast*.

Social Diary

JUNE 14.

ROYAL ASCOT : GOLD CUP DAY : With going fairly good, the big race went to France. Princess Elizabeth, with party on grandstand roof, "shot" final scene as Pan II.—M. Constant's alleged non-stayer, R. Poincelet up—carried off Ascot's Gold Cup from Mr. Churchill's Colonist II., T. Gosling up. Hot sun produced mainly gala dressing. Here, left, grey toppers and a feather : Air Commodore F. West, V.C., with Mrs. West and son Peter. Right : Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid.

ROYAL ASCOT : GOLD CUP DAY.

JUNE 14.

DANCING PREMIÈRE : To Cambridge Theatre to see most exciting pair of Spanish dancers ever—Antonio and Rosario. Both not only brilliant performers of traditional dances, but exceedingly good-looking. Thrilled audiences shouted "Ole !" and they were showered with bouquets. Here, in the interval : Sir Campbell Stuart, Lady Franckenstein, Rose Lady Headfort and Sir George Franckenstein.

JUNE 15.

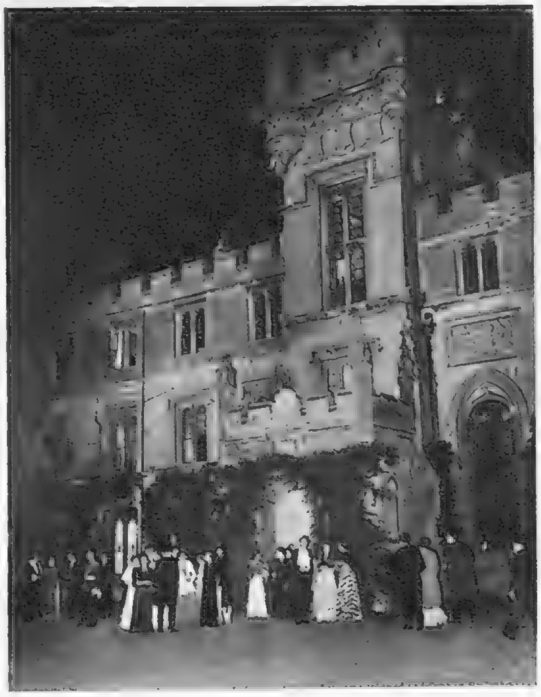
CYGNETS BALL : Young girls from France, Spain, Greece, Belgium, and the Empire held rehearsal at Cygnets' House, Queen's Gate, for ball to-morrow, organised by themselves as climax to year's training. L. to r. : Jennifer Cameron (Yorkshire), Anne Chariatis (France), Nadia Fautres (Belgium), Diana Plunkett (England) and Priscilla Elliott (Kenya) in their ball-dresses.

DANCING PREMIÈRE.

CYGNETS BALL

JUNE 15.

REGIMENTAL BALL : Mr. Cameron and Lady Hermione Cobbold lent their Early Renaissance home, Knebworth House, for big ball—near 600 guests—held by Hertfordshire Regiment. Dance music was augmented by regimental band ; drums beat Retreat on lawn. Left : the guests arrived at the castellated mansion, and right : l. to r., Mrs. Gill-Davies, Colonel E. C. M. Phillips, Mrs. and Colonel D. Rossiter, Miss K. Phillips, and Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Gill-Davies, commanding the 1st Battalion.



REGIMENTAL BALL.

Social

ASCOT WEDDING.

LEGALLY HATTED.

GLYNDEBOURNE AGAIN.

WIMBLEDON PREVIEW.

COMMEM. BALL.

JUNE 18.

ASCOT WEDDING: *At Church of St. Francis, Ascot, Miss Mary Bulteel, daughter of Major Crocker Bulteel, Clerk of the Course, and Mrs. Crocker Bulteel, married Capt. R. F. Birch Reynardson, Grenadier Guards, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Henry Birch Reynardson, of Adsworth House, Tetworth.*

JUNE 20.

LEGALLY HATTED: *At Oxford F.M. Lord Alexander, Canada's Governor-General, and Mr. Lester Pearson, her Minister for External Affairs, received honorary degrees of Doctors of Civil Law.*

JUNE 20.

GLYNDEBOURNE AGAIN: *Glyndebourne's Festival opened with Mozart's* Idomeneo, *performed with true Ebert-Busch attention to detail. A fashionable audience went down by car and train, among whom Lord and Lady Harewood, the latter in charming pale gold two-piece. Evening dress parade rewarding, and Mr. Christie's grounds, groomed to perfection by six gardeners, made a grand setting, as during the interval guests strolled around. Left: a very French-looking Souper sur l'Herbe was enjoyed by Mr. D. Shaw and Dr. P. H. Beves. Not quite Manet, though! Right: In the rose-garden studying programme, Mr. John Miller, Mrs. Michael Angers, and Count and Countess Liling Bushetti.*

JUNE 20.

WIMBLEDON PREVIEW: *Princess Elizabeth attended Highgate home of Lady Crosfield for the annual party watching lawn-tennis stars in matches in aid of National Children's Playground Association. On either side of H.R.H. are Lady Crosfield and Lord Luke of Pavenham. A number of the "aces" were presented to the Princess, who enjoyed the peace of that lovely garden on a gorgeous day.*

JUNE 20.

COMMEM. BALL: *There was dancing in the Quad, dancing in a huge marquee, a splendid buffet in the Hall at the Jesus College Commemoration Ball at Oxford, and masses of young to enjoy it till 6 a.m. I choose one picture to stand for it all, showing Joy Grant-Ives and Patrick Downing (St. Catherine's) talking in the Old Bursary under portrait of Good Queen Bess.*

Diary

JUNE 23.

BURDETT-COUTTS — DALRYMPLE WEDDING : *Married at St. Michael's, Chester Square : Mr. Martin S. Burdett-Coutts, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burdett-Coutts, of Beedon Manor, Newbury, and bride, née Gloria M. Dalrymple, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Dalrymple, of Cardiff.*

JUNE 23.

CLAN FRASER RALLY : *Lord Lovat, Chief of the clan and famous Commando leader, addressed the Clan Rally held at his Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire. Between 6000 and 8000 braw clansmen present, including one or two from America.*

BURDETT-COUTTS — DALRYMPLE WEDDING.

CLAN FRASER RALLY.

JUNE 23.

HIGH SHERIFF'S PARTY : *Big array of Sussex people at the garden-party given by its new High Sheriff, Lieut.-Commander H. R. Hardy, and Mrs. Hardy, at their home, Keysford House, Horsted Keynes. On lawns of lovely grounds there was a big marquee; tea-tables under striped umbrellas. And music by the band of the Royal Marines, Deal. Greatest attraction was display by Grand National Archery Society, with target-scoring and bursting of balloons hung on the target. Left : the host, Commander Hardy, standing, right, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Scarlett, of Cowfold, with Miss L. Gunning on left. Right : Members of Sussex and Hampshire archery teams competed in the tournament.*

HIGH SHERIFF'S PARTY.

JUNE 25.

THE WIMBLEDON LOOK : *On opening day at the Centre Court to see stylist Baron Gottfried von Cramm (Germany) beaten by seeded player Jaroslav Drobny (Egypt)—most exciting match of the day—women wore white. Three specially outstanding specimens were : left, Mrs. Adli Shaefel, wife of Egyptian champion, in her Paris dress of white linen, with sleeveless bodice in red, and sugar-bag pocket. Centre : Smart by reason of simplicity, with heavy dog-chain round her neck and sun-glasses, Miss Ellen Hobbins. Right : Mrs. George Melachrino went to Mexico for a hat fashion in lace, supported by an outsize "bun."*

THE WIMBLEDON LOOK.

Social Diary Abroad

CHIC AUCTIONEER.

IN ATHENS.

JUNE 5.

CHIC AUCTIONEER: *At New York's smart Belmont Ball, Mrs. C. V. Whitney played rôle of auctioneer, getting bids for horseshoe for charity. Bidding reached 1600 dollars; the prize to come from a hoof of next day's Belmont Stakes winner.*

RECEIVED JUNE 17.

IN ATHENS: *Among music-lovers in Epidaurus theatre were (left) Queen Frederika of Greece, King Paul, his cousin Princess Olga, Prime Minister Venizelos, during the interval of hearing Vienna Symphony Orchestra, play symphonies under ideal conditions.*

BRITAIN'S TURN!

PARIS PARTY.

JUNE 17.

BRITAIN'S TURN!: *Lord Milford's third son, Mr. J. P. Philipps—his wife with him—led in his horse Nagara, jockey Paul Jeronimus up, after he'd won the Grand Steeple-chase de Paris at Auteuil. This 5,000,000 franc event, top steeple-chase of Paris racing season, is usually regarded as equivalent of our Grand National.*

JUNE 19.

PARIS PARTY: *At the Elysée Palace a dinner-party given by France's President and Mme. Vincent Auriol. Left, the host talked to Mrs. Eisenhower, Miss Margaret Truman; and M. René Pleven, France's Vice-Premier in pre-Election Cabinet, is right, with General Eisenhower.*

LECTURE ON SHAPE.

AT LONGCHAMP.

JUNE 20.

LECTURE ON SHAPE: *Brig.-General Anthony Drexel Biddle, SHAPE Political Liaison Officer, explained purpose and action of SHAPE to feminine U.S. personalities at H.Q. in Hotel Astoria, Paris. Listening; front, l. to r.: Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Miss Margaret Truman (who's seeing everything; going everywhere), Mrs. Bruce, wife of America's Ambassador to France.*

JUNE 24.

AT LONGCHAMP: *For the Grand Prix de Paris, Mr. David Niven, his Swedish wife and Lord Hardwicke watched M. J. Stern's French Derby winner Sicambre, ridden by P. Blanc, win the Grand Prix from Mme. Hennessy's Lavarede, and the Gaekwar of Baroda's Aquino II. Mrs. Niven's yellow-spotted pleated silk dress was worn with mink stole and black picture hat.*

Late for an appointment, dangling his watch and muttering breathlessly to himself, the White Rabbit hurries along on his mysterious way. He is closely followed by Alice, who trails him to his burrow, falls into the underground room and meets the door-knob, who takes on the character of an English butler.

The Cheshire Cat having caused Alice to blunder during a game of croquet with the Queen of Hearts, the latter loses her temper, and Alice is put on trial. "Off with her head!" cries the Queen according to immemorial custom.

ALICE IN WALT DISNEY'S WONDERLAND

SOME familiar incidents from Lewis Carroll's classic *Alice in Wonderland*—as translated to the screen in Walt Disney's long-expected all-cartoon Technicolor musical—are reproduced in this Colour Supplement. The film is due for its world première at the Leicester Square Theatre towards the end of this month, and Disney remarks: "I hope the British don't scalp me when they see what I 've done to Alice."

ALICE IN WALT DISNEY'S WONDERLAND

(contd.)

"Let's all move one place on." The Mad Hatter's un-birthday tea-party is one of the best-remembered incidents in which Alice finds herself involved. This scene shows the March Hare just about to put the Dormouse into one of the many musical teapots. Later the White Rabbit enters. "I'm late," he says, and Hare and Hatter set about repairing his tardy timepiece with "the best butter."

"Four little oysters hurried up, and then another four; and thick and fast they came at last, and more, and more, and more. . . ." While with greedy guile the Walrus (the Carpenter being off the set for the moment) entices the little bivalves from the sea to partake of a horrible fate.

Reaching the domain of the Queen of Hearts, Alice finds a few hilarious cards busily employed painting all the white roses red.

Slightly perturbed at having to use a flamingo and a hedgehog to play a game of croquet with the Queen of Hearts, Alice nevertheless obediently gets on with the job.

ALICE IN WALT DISNEY'S WONDERLAND (contd.)

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

AUSTRALIANS DR. R. C. HUTCHINSON and MR. J. E. EXCELL : For virtually trebling the tea ration.

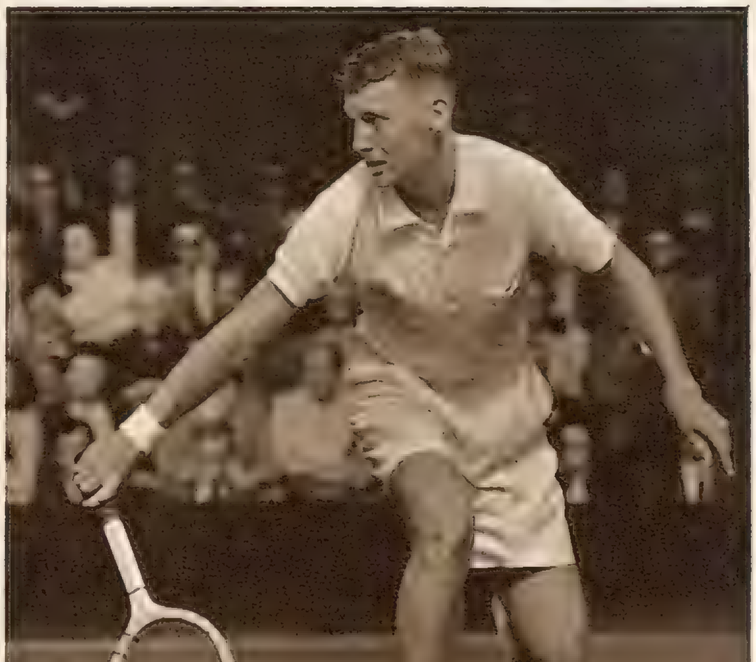
THE pressure teapot held by Mr. Excell, invented by himself and Dr. Hutchinson, both of the Australian Food Services, can make, they say, three times the usual amount of tea from the ordinary quantity of tea-leaves, or twice the usual amount of coffee. Time for making it is cut to 1½ minutes. It should be the world's greatest blessing to confirmed tea-drinkers, for it makes eight cups from one heaped teaspoon. Let 's hope it won't cause a drop in our tea ration!

BEN HOGAN : For his triple win in four years of America's National Golf Open Championship, and for finishing with 67—three under bogey—for his last eighteen holes.

AMERICAN pro. Ben Hogan, golf's great little come-back man, last month won the U.S. Open Championship for the third time in four years on the Oaklands Hill course at Birmingham, Michigan. Before the war, the 38-year-old former Texas schoolmaster was America's biggest prize-winner. Then a bad car-smash kept him off the course for a year. But after his return he established a record of 259—21 under par—on a 6368-yard course, with rounds of 64, 64, 65 and 66.

PRINCE " BUZZ " CANTACUZÈNE : For helping to console disappointed spectators at Hatfield by his spectacular " spectacles " aerobatics.

WEATHER conditions having forced postponement of the King's Cup air race at Hatfield, Rumanian wartime pilot Prince " Buzz " Cantacuzène softened the blow to ticket-holders by a dazzling display of aerobatics. In one of his feats he traced the pattern of a pair of spectacles by one loop followed instantly by another, inverted loop.



" HAM " RICHARDSON, seventeen years old : For his magnificent achievement in beating the reigning Men's Singles champion, Budge Patty, at Wimbledon.

WHAT may prove to be Wimbledon's biggest sensation this year was seen last week on No. 1 Court, when young Hamilton Richardson, of Louisiana, beat the Wimbledon Men's Singles champion Budge Patty by 4—6, 6—3, 4—6, 10—8, 6—4—a wonderful achievement at his age. He is a player in a million, with a brilliant future. After his first-class back-hand drive, his service is his most powerful weapon, and his temperament is ideal for championship play.

Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
Nichols, Edwards and Bentley are heard and seen.

THREE SISTERS (Aldwych).
An older Russia.

THE PASSING DAY (Ambassadors).
It is the last day in the life of an Ulsterman, acted by Joseph Tomelty.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
No ; Shiner in the Orkneys.

KISS ME, KATE (Coliseum).
Shakespeare has a little to do with this ; Cole Porter (and others) rather more.

WHO IS SYLVIA ? (Criterion).
A nice point : Terence Rattigan considers it, in three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
The musical with the merry-go-round and the June song.

WHO GOES THERE ! (Duke of York's).
A chambermaid from Dublin finds fortune in a " Grace and Favour " house in St. James's.

THE HOLLOW (Fortune).
Who shot the doctor ? Question and answer by Agatha Christie.

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Garrick).
To Roger MacDougall, a brisk comedy, with Yolande Donlan pattering through it.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
Marie Löhr and Paul Scofield are the stars.

WATERS OF THE MOON (Haymarket).
How Dame Sybil and Dame Edith see in the New Year on the fringes of Dartmoor.

BLUE FOR A BOY (His Majesty's).
Two Masters of the Drolls : Emney and Hearne.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Robert Morley ashore on a tropic isle (Messel pattern).

THE LYRIC REVUE (Lyric, Hammersmith).
The cream of intimate revue.

OLD VIC SEASON (Old Vic).
All the winners.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Jack Buchanan and a regal cast in Ivor Novello's musical play.

FANCY FREE (Prince of Wales).
Trinder tells us that we are lucky people.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA and CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA (St. James's).
The crown of the London theatre, 1951.

GAY 'S THE WORD (Saville).
Precisely. Cicely Courtneidge sees to that.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN ? (Strand).
A hunted Hare.

THE LOVE OF FOUR COLONELS (Wyndham's).
Waking the Sleeping Beauty.

AT THE THEATRE.

★ First Choice ★

MAN AND SUPERMAN
(*Princes*)

I DON'T mean the cut play, a mere three hours of it. I mean the complete debate when you dig yourselves in at the Princes (on Saturday evenings only) and—in the most agreeable manner—go through Hell before you come out of the theatre again. Or through something very close to Hell. It is the *Don Juan* dream scene in the Void, the third act that is usually lopped. John Clements now talks through it gallantly under the eye of Esme Percy, who has himself played Tanner-Juan in the past and who now takes a relative rest as the Devil.

Since February, Mr. Clements—with Kay Hammond, D. A. Clarke-Smith and the rest—has been appearing in the short version, in which the determined Ann Whitefield pursues John Tanner to Spain and duly conquers. Shaw, in his introduction to the piece, explained that he " thrust into my perfectly modern three-act play a totally extraneous act in which my hero, enchanted by the air of the Sierra, has a dream in which his Mozartian ancestor appears and philosophises at great length in a Shavio-Socratic dialogue with the lady, the statue and the devil." That may sound alarming : you may not be in a mood for philosophising or Shavio-Socratic dialogues. Don't worry : you are carried forward on a brilliantly illuminated flood : you will be surprised when two hours are up and you have been washed into the calm of the villa garden near Granada.

At the moment this dialogue about most things, but especially Creative Evolution, seems to be popular. A quartet from America, with Charles Boyer's Juan and Laughton's Devil, is touring in the north. These visitors, I gather, are reading the stage directions as well ; a good idea if there is time. Most of Shaw's directions are worth while and these are charming. I like the description of the Statue : " To his sculptor he owes a perfectly trained figure, which he carries erect and trim ; and the ends of his moustache curl up, elastic as watch-springs, giving him an air which, but for its Spanish dignity, would be called jaunty." At the Princes, D. A. Clarke-Smith is the Statue to the very tips of his moustache ; Kay Hammond bubbles as Ana, who is Ann ; Esme Percy, the one newcomer to the cast, goes exuberantly to the Devil ; and there is, of course, John Clements, masterfully eloquent as First Speaker, and managing, moreover, to impress us with his eloquence, not merely to make us wonder how he carries the part in his mind. It is no part to be tossed off : this is verbal music for an actor with an ear. " Hell is full of musical amateurs," says Juan ; " music is the brandy of the damned." But Mr. Clements is a professional. Indeed, the entire quartet is in true and pleasing voice.

Esme Percy as The Devil

Kay Hammond as Dona Ana de Ulloa

Griff at Pr

. with J. C. TREWIN

COME LIVE WITH ME
(Vaudeville)

I FEEL that Campbell Christie said to Dorothy Christie—or, maybe, the other way round—"We 'd better get on with a play." Neither of them felt in the vein, but there was a job to be done, so they duly got on with it and painfully an outline was drafted. It did not look too good when it was ready: the former prima donna, the medley of young people, a blackmailing letter, an explosive Polish maid. Still, there it was; no doubt a few swift lines would help. And, of course, the cast. . . .

When the comedy turned up at the Vaudeville, it seemed for half-an-hour that something might come of it. Not, indeed, from the plot which (it was clear) would be a mechanical affair of coupling and uncoupling, but from the Christies' sense of a theatrical line and from much of the playing. It was not to be. The dialogue thinned into nothing, and only Jessie Royce Landis found a part to act. A few colleagues helped bravely: Francis Lister, as poised as ever; Nigel Green, keeping a straight bat as a cricketing Old Etonian. A beard could not persuade me that the most English of actors, Jack Watling, was a Pole (even one educated at Harrow). I was sorry for the players who appeared as Polish maid and French chef, parts written on the assumption that noise would be enough.

There remained Jessie Royce Landis. She is an actress of presence, brains, glittering technique. She used all her gifts to enliven the ex-opera singer in a house on the Sussex coast, with a cast-off husband as a neighbour and a gaggle of young folk about her. At the first interval Miss Landis was still keeping us hopeful. But at the end we could only hope that Mr. and Mrs. Christie would find a worthy successor to *His Excellency.* This, alas, is not it.

★

SHAW ONE-ACT PLAYS
(Arts)

BEFORE long, when asked what I have seen lately, I shall murmur: "Oh, eighteen or so Shaw plays." The Arts has put on bravely a collectors' festival of Shavian one-acters, with such almost forgotten pieces—in quadruple and quintuple bills—as *The Glimpse of Reality* and *Press Cuttings.* It is unfair to choose two of the worst. Let me take instead one play from the Third Programme: *Village Wooing,* which, thanks to the tactful restraint of Brenda Bruce and Maurice Denham, and to the surprise of those who had grown tired of this man-and-superman footnote, emerges suddenly as a half-hour of purring charm. There are other discoveries, and the Arts cast boxes the compass nightly.

Next Stage

YOUNG theatregoers are still learning from Sir Arthur Pinero how a play should be constructed. Their elders are still saying: "I told you so." We have had some of the farces and the famous drama of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.* On Friday we reach *His House In Order,* staged thirteen years after *Tanqueray,* but ranking with it as the best of Pinero's drawing-room dramas. Sir George Alexander (Hilary Jesson) and Irene Vanbrugh (Nina) appeared for fifty-seven weeks at the St. James's in 1906-7. Now Sir Godfrey Tearle and Mary Kerridge will take up Hilary and Nina in the Henry Sherek revival at the New Theatre on July 6, with Sebastian Shaw, Joan Haythorne and George Merritt in other important parts, and John Counsell—Mary Kerridge's husband—as the producer.

BACK TO THE BRIDE

The A. P. Herbert-Vivian Ellis operetta, *Bless the Bride,* which was Sir Charles Cochran's most successful production, returns to London on July 10. Bernard Delfont is bringing the touring company to the Stoll for a popular-price season.

DARK BLUE

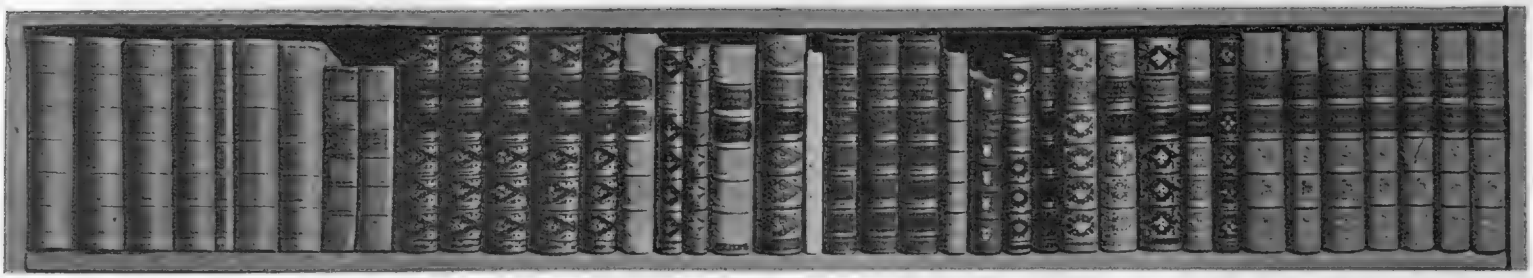
Festival has begun at Oxford with an open-air *Cymbeline* this week in the Great Quadrangle of All Souls. There will be a production of Jonson's *The Alchemist* in the Hall of Merton, beginning to-morrow (July 5), and a *Samson Agonistes* in the Quadrangle of All Souls from July 10. The professional theatre has its special share—and one eagerly-expected—with Stephen Spender's *To the Island,* opening on July 9.

IN KENSINGTON

Peter Cotes had faith in the Harwood-Tennyson Jesse drama, *A Pin to See the Peepshow,* with its exciting performance by Joan Miller (Mrs. Cotes). The result has been the New Boltons' longest run. Later in the season, Mr. Cotes promises such plays as *Monserrat,* by Lillian Hellman, who wrote *The Children's Hour*; Arnold Ridley's *The Sword*; and Dalton Trumbo's *The Biggest Thief in Town.*

GETTING AROUND

Enid Bagnold's *Poor Judas,* one of the three plays short-listed in the Arts Theatre Festival of Britain play competition, is to be staged at the Arts on July 18, for three weeks. . . . Laurence Hardy, so good recently as Ishak in *Hassan,* will be Gainsborough in Cecil Beaton's *The Gainsborough Girls,* which begins at Brighton on July 16. . . . Basil Ashmore, of the New Lindsey Theatre, has recently completed and adapted an unfinished Tchehov play which he calls *Don Juan in the Russian Manner.* . . . Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners* returns to St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street, on July 30.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

MRS. GAILEY. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (*Cassell*; 10s. 6d.)

OLIVER TRENTON, K.C. By Gilbert Frankau. (*Macdonald*; 12s. 6d.)

SICILY STREET. By René Masson. (*Wingate*; 11s. 6d.)

STEP THIS WAY. By Josephine Blumenfeld. (*Heinemann*; 10s. 6d.)

MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S new novel, *Mrs. Gailey*, is one of the most interesting she has done. Its pink and pretty dust-wrapper grossly belies it, for it is very far from being a nice cosy tale about the countryside. There is a strength, a remorselessness and a sometimes harsh truthfulness in this author's work which has always shocked the gentle reader who thinks that because the setting is Sussex and there are lush and pleasant backgrounds, it will provide a diet of whipped cream and lovely sentiments. How vastly wrong. Miss Kaye-Smith is never bitter or shrill, but she writes about people as she sees them and not as they might be viewed by a passenger in a coast-to-London train. In this novel, in fact, she sets such a passenger down among the inhabitants of the Kent and Sussex borderland and as soon as we see what she is about, as soon as Mrs. Gailey steps off the train, we know the feathers will fly. "She was not really very young, but had been made to look so by her clothes, which were short and bunchy, and her hair, which was long and loose, with a gay ribbon snood tied round it. Her bare legs ended in high-heeled shoes and were short and plump and pink—altogether a deplorable person." Deplorable, but familiar, too, an urban product of the time, and because we know her so well, this hard-smoking, loud-laughing, secretly frightened woman, who has tried and failed at so many jobs, whose pretentiousness and vulgarity are conscious but irremediable, we watch her activities among the Bullens at Doleham and their county neighbours with apprehension, with dislike, with sympathy, with understanding and above all with keen, unflagging interest. At the end of it one regrets, as so often after reading novels by writers of Miss Kaye-Smith's generation, that our own intellectual, post-war prodigies are so much less adept in telling a story, creating a character or painting a scene.

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU inspires much the same regret, but by wholly different means. Who can tear into a tale of reserved and businesslike English people facing sudden tragedy or melodrama with as much gusto as he can? Who else, in fact, is so interested in lawyers and heart-specialists, in the much decorated and well-endowed survivors of the First World War, in rich and eccentric old ladies and rich and beautiful young ones, that he can make these unfashionable heroes and heroines interesting to us? He achieves this in *Oliver Trenton, K.C.*, with just that knowing, energetic persuasiveness which once made the world, almost literally, rave about *Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant.*

The Trentons, Oliver and Sanchia, are a couple approaching middle age who are still in love. They lose their young daughter when car-thieves run her down and escape. This brings a neurotic element into their relationship which is further complicated by the fact that Sanchia is a Catholic who has "lapsed" in order to marry Oliver, who had divorced his first wife. Oliver's mother and Sanchia's aunt make an odd and very cleverly-drawn pair of in-laws, but it is Sanchia's brother Roland who provides the core of the story by getting himself accused of murder in order to shield the woman he loves. This gives us the great murder trial which seemed inevitable from the book's title and provides Oliver with a personal triumph in his defence, for his wife's sake, of her brother. Which brings us to a happy ending and to a warm sense of admiration for an author who can make such happenings and relationships not only credible but compelling. One small quibble. The man found not guilty of murder marries his girl and takes her to Africa. "It's a good thing he took her out to Kenya," says someone. "I only hope they stay there. The newspapers made quite enough fuss when they got married." Yes, but what about Kenya? Don't they read newspapers there? Or don't they mind?

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE COCHRAN STORY.
By Charles Graves. (*W. H. Allen*; 17s. 6d.)

A rather breathless biography of the great showman who has told his own story too well for the comfort of biographers.

CENTRE COURT MURDER.
By Bernard Newman. (*Gollancz*; 10s. 6d.)

"By Newman," the publisher is content to put on the jacket, leaving me to puzzle out the author's identity. Cardinal? Ernest? Or Newman Flower? The murder mystery is less baffling and less fun.

LOVING WITHOUT TEARS.
By M. J. Farrell. (*Collins*; 9s. 6d.)

A novel, which reads like play dialogue wrapped in bits of description, about one of those managing matriarchs who are back in literary fashion.

KILLERS ALL.
By Attilio Gatti. (*Hale*; 15s.)

Gorillas, crocodiles and witch-doctors chattily recalled by an experienced explorer.

LONDON RIVER.
By H. M. Tomlinson. (*Cassell*; 22s. 6d.)

A revised and enlarged edition of a book published thirty years ago which seems assured of its place in the literature of ships and seamen.

MY third book seems to me a very remarkable piece of work and one which has received less attention than it deserves, for I see no strips of paper around it announcing that it has been selected by some newspaper or society as its "choice" or "recommendation" for this or that period. It is called in its translation by Mr. Constantine Fitzgibbon *Sicily Street*, though I would have preferred a more literal rendering of its French title, *Les Gamins Du Roi de Sicile*. It is the story of the kidnapping of a little rich Parisian boy by a gang of criminal children who live in a cellar and it has in it the same kind of horror and desolation as were in that trebly-grim ghost story by Henry James, *The Turn of the Screw*. In each, the author relies on the corruption of young children for his blood-chilling effects, but in this story there is no element of the supernatural. Fleur, the cruel and evil little fourteen-year-old girl who is familiar with all vice and crime; Bedros, the Armenian who, older and more stupidly brutal, is a would-be murderer; the two Romani cousins, the cripple and the rest of them who try to hold to ransom the rich boy Cric, are really fearsome little creatures, yet uncomfortably real. The story is enlarged rather than improved by the introduction of the grown-ups who are trying to trace Cric, but nothing can obscure the dark fascination for the reader in the yellow eyes and fiendish behaviour of the young criminals.

LASTLY a collection of short stories which are right up my street and for which I should like to plead loudly for attention. Miss Josephine Blumenfeld puts only fourteen tales into *Step This Way*, and none of them is over-long. They are quaint or inconsequent, moving or riotously funny and they have this rare thing in common—that Miss Blumenfeld writes about the women we know, the women we meet every day and not those mystic and fateful creatures who, in almost every novel and film, are found secretly dominating the affairs of men, releasing Sphinx-like smiles or ruling the world as they rock their cradles. Here is one of them: "A sweet, rather pleasing middle-aged woman with pretty blue eyes, grey coat and skirt, greying hair and small podgy hands. There were hundreds like her all over England. They made good wives, nice mothers, and as long as they stayed at home things ran smoothly and nothing disturbing happened. Their children grew up, went to kindergartens and parties, caught whooping-cough, married nice young people and had nice young babies. Their husbands alluded to them as 'The Missis,' 'The Old Girl,' 'The Ball-and-Chain,' or just 'Mother.' When they died, people said of them: 'She was a sweet woman, kind and gay till the last. It's very sad.' Then they forgot her, and all that was left was a silver-framed photograph of her as a bride on the grand piano in the drawing-room." In moments of crisis this author's characters never forget the unforgettable things, like the coffee boiling over—indeed, their moments of crisis are conditioned, as all of ours are, by the insistence of everyday affairs. Her stories have point but they are not plot-bound; they sympathise but are never maudlin. A remarkably fine lot.

On this page on June 6 Mr. Robert Aickman's name was unfortunately misspelt in my review of *We Are for the Dark*, by Elizabeth Jane Howard and Robert Aickman.

AIR RACING NEEDS A NEW FORMULA

By Oliver Stewart

ROYAL AERO CLUB officials will have to look for a new air-racing formula if there is to be any air racing at all. At Birmingham in 1949 they tried spreading the chief races over a week. This year at Hatfield they tried concentrating them in a single day. At Birmingham there was good racing but no spectators; at Hatfield there were many spectators, but no racing. This time the trouble was not wakes week, but the weather.

Those amiable, but erratic chatterboxes, the meteorological forecasters, had promised a fine afternoon. Sixty entries had been inscribed for the King's Cup race. Three jet-driven aircraft were down for the Jubilee Trophy race. Spectators began to gather as soon as the gates were open. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret arrived well before the programme starting-time. Officials dashed about being official, and even the bookies looked as if they thought something was going to happen.

Something did happen; but it was not air racing. Visibility was between one and two kilometres; but the cloud base was low, and although the ground round Hatfield is fairly flat, there are numerous high chimneys, pylons, spires and other sharp points ready to spike any racing pilot taking a short cut through a cumulus. The King's Cup race was first postponed, and then, when the predictions of the local hayseeds proved right and those of the scientific meteorologists wrong, the race was cancelled. John Cunningham went round the short course in a Vampire night fighter to see if the other races might be held; but the stewards said "No."

Thus it was that the "supporting" programme of aerobatics and flight demonstrations had a great deal more to support than had been expected. Had it not been for the excellence of the flying by the French *Patrouille d'Etampes* and by the Rumanian, Prince Cantacuzène—both last-minute additions to the programme—those who had paid high entrance fees for a damp and dismal day in the country might have been looking for the race organisers with a short length of gas-piping.

But the aerobatics were so good that all was forgiven—or almost all.

One pilot, whose name was new to me, gave a demonstration which, in the difficult conditions prevailing, was outstanding. He was Pilot-Officer (given in the programme as "Flying Officer") P. Murphy of Number 66 Squadron. He did some individual aerobatics in a Meteor and succeeded in holding every manœuvre within the small arena visible to the spectators, a feat of some difficulty with a fast aircraft. His rolls were accurately controlled, and his eight-point hesitation roll was sharply defined and correctly placed in relation to the Royal enclosure. Placing with a high-speed aircraft in poor visibility is always troublesome.

Most people who go to air meetings know the *Patrouille d'Etampes*. It is one of the world's best aerobatic teams. Most of the manœuvres are done close to the ground; but even so, there was insufficient free air beneath the cloud base at Hatfield for the *Patrouille* to do its outside loop in formation. Commandant Perrier, however, went through his usual programme. He flew upside-down at tent-top height, and illustrated once again the old truth that the more dangerous aerobatics seem, the more they are appreciated by the spectators.

Prince Cantacuzène was as good as the pilots of World War I. in their Sopwith Camels, and he did one thing they did not do: the "spectacles." In this, the aircraft traces the pattern of the rim of a pair of spectacles by doing a loop, followed immediately by an outside or inverted loop.

Then there were the demonstrations of the Bristol helicopter by C. T. D. Hosegood, who, inevitably, is known as "Socks," and there was a little mild wing-walking by the parachutists, who were to have engaged in a landing competition if the weather had been good.

For air racing, however, the day was disastrous. And the lessons are that in England there is no month of the year in which it is safe to cram all the big events into one day. They should be spread over three or four days. And I must put in my annual plea for scratch events. Handicap air races are sometimes spectacular, but they are always artificial. It is time someone offered a prize for a scratch race between small, jet-driven touring aircraft, such as were on show this year in the Paris Salon.

At Arnage. The winner of the Le Mans 24-hour Grand Prix—Peter Walker (co-driver Peter Whitehead) in his Jaguar XK. 120 Sports car—who made his victory at an average speed of about 93.5 m.p.h. over 2244 miles. He was nine laps ahead of his nearest rival.

At Arnage. The well-known French competition driver, Marcel Becquart, driving with Gordon Wilkins his Jowett Jupiter, was the winner of the 1½-litre class. A Jowett Jupiter was also first in this class in 1950.

BRITISH MOTORING TRIUMPHS

Three at Le Mans, and one round the world.

LAST month a British car—a Jaguar XK. 120—driven by Whitehead and Walker in turn, ran away with the Le Mans sports car Grand Prix d'Endurance, coming home sixty miles in the lead. After a 24-hour race of ceaseless struggle in rain by sixty-three cars of half-a-dozen nations, Walker won at an average speed of 93.5 m.p.h. It was Britain's first victory in the race since 1935. The distance covered was 2244 miles, and the pace was so hot that Stirling Moss in his Jaguar three times broke the lap speed record of 165 km. per hour in his first three laps. Six British cars finished in the first ten.

A new record was set up by Britain's Festival car, the Austin A-40 Sports model, in its 21-days round-the-world tour, with drivers Alan Hess, Ralph Sleigh, Ronald Jeavons and George Coates, which arrived at London Airport with the K.L.M. Skymaster—pilot Captain Bak—9 days ahead of schedule. Its route: London to Manston; Le Bourget, Brindisi; Beirut, Basra; Bombay, Calcutta; Los Angeles, Prestwick, London. The plane acted "nurse" on the overland route; and flying garage across the oceans.

In his Aston-Martin George Abecassis finished fifth. One remarkable feature of Britain's achievements in the 24-hour Grand Prix was the fact that the five Aston-Martin (DB11 Saloons) which started, all finished; and in the general classification four of them were in the first ten.

Festival car. At the end of the 21-day world tour of the Austin A-40 Sports Model, Alan Hess, team leader, talked with Captain Jimmy Bak, pilot of the K.L.M. Skymaster which accompanied the car through the journey. Left: the mechanics who served the car, R. Appleby and J. Galvin.

The Zoom Lens in action. At Royal Ascot this year this official apparatus—seen as a separate unit in front of the camera—was first brought into regular use. With it, the effect of approaching a distant object can be obtained.

Tempers are fraying in this dramatic scene from *Breakers Ahead*, by Peter Traill, a comedy which was recently televised. (L. to r.) John Witty, Andre Morell and Howard Douglas. Production was by Kenneth Milne Buckley.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

LOOKING AROUND

CONFORMING to the current passion for exhibitions, the B.B.C.'s Research Station at Kingswood Warren has also recently put itself on show. So once again we found ourselves in this astonishing world of electrons, pieces of wire and radio valves. It is housed mainly in a pseudo-baronial mansion of considerable ugliness, set in beautiful grounds, with well-kept flower-beds, "shaven" lawns and veritable forests of rhododendrons in full blossom. With us on this occasion was a body of learned gentlemen to whom this world presented few mysteries; so learned, in fact, that one heard them cooing with real æsthetic pleasure over the most terrifying circuit diagrams.

Our chief focus of interest was a demonstration of colour television, using the frame sequential system of colour analysis and synthesis (Phew!). This is very much the same as the C.B.S. system which has received official approval in America, and the broad principle is to split a picture up into its basic colour components, at the camera end, by a spinning colour disc and then to reassemble them at the receiver by another disc. This bag of tricks, like everything else connected with television, is a miracle of science and consequently a great joy to the aforesaid learned gentlemen. But as our loyalty is not to science but to the viewing public, we must record that we were by no means convinced that the development of colour television has reached a point where the trouble and expense involved to introduce such a system into public service, would be justified by an increased entertainment value. The effect at the moment is more that of a hand-tinted photograph than a picture of living colours.

However, of recent months, there have been less spectacular developments. These are already in use and do directly affect entertainment value. Cameras, for instance. Three new types are steadily supplanting the old ones—some of them dating as far back as 1936—the CPS Emitron, the Pye Photicon and the Marconi Orthicon (for outside broadcasts). These are greatly more sensitive and consequently give better pictures for less light. They have the further advantage of being fitted with three or four different lenses of varying focal lengths, which widens the producer's scope considerably.

Which brings us naturally to the much-publicised Zoom Lens. This is a quite astonishing optical instrument, which has been developed by Dr. H. H. Hopkins, Lecturer at the Imperial College. When this has been attached to a camera, the mere movement of a lever can transform a long-shot scene into a close-up, the transition giving the effect of a smooth "track-in." Up to the time of writing, this device has only been used in O.B.s—notably at Ascot, but inevitably the time will come when it will invade the studio. We fervently pray that producers will use it with caution and not succumb to an attack of "gadgetitis." Telescopic lenses are all very well, but if wrongly used can drain every vestige of life out of a picture.

All these improvements seem to mean more and more weight, and the modern television camera has become quite a lump to move around. Further, for the camera-man to keep one hand free in order to make signals to the crew of three or four, was obviously a waste of a limb which could be better employed on the instrument's controls. Accordingly, a new mechanically-driven camera mounting has been evolved which rejoices in the name of "motorised dolly." With this all the movements of the camera are under the immediate control of the operator and only one assistant is required.

Lastly, but by no means least important, is the use of back projection at Lime Grove. This device has long been used in film-making, but it is new to television. It is all done literally with mirrors. An arc-lit projector throws the image of a picture transparency *via* angled mirrors on a huge screen. The picture, of course, provides the background for the action and the *locale* can be altered just as rapidly as the time it takes to insert a fresh slide into the projector. Without back projection's help the 103 settings of "Passing Show No. 3" would not have been possible.

Tip-Toe Through the Tulips. Mary Budd and Douglas Byng in one of the nostalgic numbers from the 'twenties—the period covered by the third of the brilliant "Passing Show" series, which is so deservedly popular with viewers.

The Golden Year, a musical play written specially for television by Jack Hulbert and Barry Baker; music by Harry S. Pepper. Here Sally Ann Howes and Peter Graves are playing the inevitable "boy loses girl" scene.

LOOKING BACK

PEOPLE who sneer at the whimsicality of Barrie's *Dear Brutus* must blind themselves to the appeal of some really beautiful dialogue, must fail to realise that this is now a period play and must have forgotten that they, too, some time in their lives have longed to be given "a second chance"—which is the play's theme. Kevin Sheldon, who produced it for television, forgot none of these things, and by underlining them made a fine job of it. The performances were of a very high order, as might be expected from a cast which included Mary Jerrold, Judy Campbell, Aubrey Mather and John Robinson. But we were most unbearably moved by Norah Gaussen as the "might-have-been" child.

"The Passing Show," cavalcading fifty years of popular entertainment, is going from strength to strength in such a way as to make one tremble lest the last two episodes prove a let-down. But No. 3 was an absolute corker—to use an expression from the period it covered—the 'Twenties. If anyone inclines to blame producer Michael Mills for the exclusion of some of the obvious shows of the period, like *No, No, Nanette!*, please relax. Such omissions are due to some copyright troubles this programme is running into. Freddie Carpenter, who stages the musical numbers with such amazing authenticity of period, is said to be frothing at the mouth about all these difficulties.

But the best way of making sure of permission to televise a musical comedy is to have one specially written for television. This the B.B.C. recently has done, and the result—as we have mentioned before—was *The Golden Year*, a lighthearted romance, with the 1851 Exhibition as a background. Watching it, it became apparent that the aim was to charm and amuse rather than to make history; and that aim was achieved. But the book made few intellectual demands and the music by Harry S. Pepper to Jimmy Dyrenforth's lyrics has yet to set us humming. Among the performances, Peter Graves had little opportunity to be anything else but debonair and charming—an effect he achieved with apparent ease. But Sally Ann Howes is rapidly becoming heaven's gift to musical comedy: a lovely young actress who sings convincingly and who really can act. Some of her scenes with Jack Hulbert (who combined the functions of actor, co-author with Barry Baker, and co-producer with Walton Anderson) were really exquisitely played.

Before we turn to other matters, a word of appreciation to Keith Rogers and the anonymous cameramen for their excellent pictures of this year's Royal Tournament during the two O.B.s from Earls Court. We found Michael Henderson's diffidence in his commentary rather boring.

LOOKING AHEAD

WE hope we pin appreciation to the proper breast in congratulating Cecil McGivern, Director of Programmes, for his inspiration to have a full-length broadcast from Glyndebourne of Mozart's opera *Cosi fan Tutte* on July 23. It is certainly a landmark in the way of outside broadcasts. There is, however, an *If*, for it is not yet definitely known whether this broadcast is technically possible, but everyone is trying hard.

On July 18 Eric Fawcett is pitting his wits and his talents against the improbable. He will produce Giles Cooper's play *Never Get Out*, which made a sensation at last year's Edinburgh Festival and he is determined to make it exciting television in spite of the fact that it is set in one room with no furniture and has only two characters.

At the moment no one can tell us who will play Mrs. Dubedat in Fred O'Donovan's production of *The Doctor's Dilemma*, by Shaw, which is scheduled for July 22 and 26, but others in the cast are David Markham, John Robinson and Arthur Young.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Michael Mills: For his production of *The Passing Show*—a brilliant series. Though his is the chief credit, the names of Freddie Carpenter (for his staging of the musical numbers) and Rex Rienits (for his script) must also be included in this citation.

Cyril Bitchen

Candid Cameo

BOBBY LOCKE

By "Urtica"

THIS week the South African golfer, Bobby Locke, has returned to the land of his fathers, Northern Ireland, in search of the first open championship hat-trick since an age which has almost passed from human memory. Or, more precisely, to the land of his father, an old gentleman of eighty-one now living in Johannesburg, described by a friend of the writer as "an expert on the history and culture of South Africa and the livest wire of his age I ever knew."

The live-wiredness has passed down to the son. Though golf spectators know him only as a figure of serious and unchanging mien rolling the ball into the hole, politely touching, though never lifting, his white cap at their applause, and then walking solemnly to the next hole to do it again, Locke has an acute perception of what is going on not only in the golf but, as befits a professional performer, in the finances thereof. He divides his talents between South Africa, Australia, the United States and Britain, and I should not be surprised if he had the equivalent of ten figures tucked away in each. Since every dollar or pound made by a professional golfer is the result of his own efforts in a particularly merciless field of competitive enterprise, the meanest could hardly begrudge him a penny of it.

If the war had come ten years later, it might have ruined Locke's career. As it was, in a sense it made him. It "grew him up." His R.A.F. experience on a number of combat missions and as an instructor pushed him around among mankind and prevented his turning into a sort of lone wolf of the golfing world. He was a great player of golf shots before. After, he was a great golfer.

So great, indeed, that he has been able to take on the Americans in their own country and leave them gnashing their teeth at the bread he has taken out of their mouths. It was unfortunate that they should bar him from their tournaments just when he was winning so many of them. They said he had failed to keep certain playing engagements and, for all I know, he may have done—though when some noted American professionals did so a month or two ago they were only fined a few hundred dollars and the din was deafening. Such a lure was Locke, however, that the tournament sponsors got the ban lifted—whereupon he singed their beards by flying over, winning the fabulous Tam o' Shanter tournament (last nine holes in 31 to tie: 69 on the play-off), pocketing 5000 dollars or so, and flying away again.

They say that golf is "90 per cent. mental." Like all ludicrous exaggerations, this has an element of truth. The fact is that a great many of the experts can hit the ball as well as Locke, but when faced with the business of doing so continuously for three days, with the ambition of a lifetime waiting to be thrown away by a solitary nervous, hot-headed, or thoughtless shot, their mental processes cannot keep pace with the physical. Locke has the edge over them by an emotional control which took him years of conscious schooling. The way to control emotion, he reckoned, was to rule it out altogether. And in order to rule out getting mad at a bad shot you had also to rule out getting thrilled at a good one.

A fine example occurred at the close of his 1949 championship at Sandwich. He "had only," as the golf writers blithely put it, to finish in the orthodox figures 3, 4, 4 to tie. Furthermore, he was nicely on the short 16th in one. At this point, out of a clear sky and for no obvious reason, Locke, possibly the best putter in the world, left his first one short and missed the next. Having thus pipped himself on the post, cost himself several thousand pounds, and committed a bloomer destined for immortality in the handbooks, he banged a long iron shot up to the 17th, rolled in a 4-yard putt for a 3, tied, and won the play-off. The point of which is that, if you had had a motion picture of him walking off the two greens, you could not have told which was which.

Comparison is inevitable between Locke and the other great non-American champion, Henry Cotton. Ten years ahead in age and already king of the castle, Cotton consistently and not unreasonably declined personal challenges from Locke, from which he had little to gain and much to lose. The only time they met, in the professionals' knock-out championship, it was Locke who had to pack his bag, beaten by one hole. Had they been in their prime together, they might have had the match of the century.

Cotton had the more impressive style. Here truly was the poetry of motion, to such an extent that the maestro's disciples almost swooned in their ecstasy. Æsthetically Locke's, effective though it may be, is nothing beside it. But watch the two on the green and Cotton turns into a carthorse—which is not the same thing as saying that he is a bad putter, for no bad putter ever won three Opens yet. Both talk lucidly and well about golf. Both mastered early in life the elementary principle that they were not in the game solely for the good of their health, though Locke is perhaps more of a sentimentalist at heart, more likely to stick to the old firm for old times' sake. Indeed, he once did this literally, by turning down a vast American offer in order to stay with the old firm in Britain.

As to the technical methods which have put Locke that fraction of a stroke ahead of all his rivals here and of most in the United States, I will mention only one. Though humbler mortals may not be able to stand and swing a golf club as Locke does—and, so far as I know, no text-book advises us to do so—this is an item that all may copy easily and with profit. It is the second of his two main secrets, the first, of course, being his ability to divorce emotion from what is by common consent the most emotional of all games. This secret is that he has a "drill"—the same drill for every shot in the game. He may mess about, testing the wind, selecting his club, surveying the line, and so on—which is largely a disguise for settling his mind down to the shot anyway—but once he is ready he always goes through the same set of motions, in the same order, at the same pace. In other words, he sticks to the drill.

Nowhere is this more noticeable than on the green. Two little practice swings; a step forward to the ball; one look at the hole; and away she goes. At the end of that round at Sandwich he was left with the golfer's nightmare: a 4-ft. putt with a slight left-hand borrow, several thousand people, dead silence, and "this to tie for the Open." Surely he would treat himself to just one extra practice swing, one more waggle, one last look at the hole? But no. I watched closely. The drill was perfect—and so was the result. Plumb in the middle.

What with managing his one-man business; booking the engagements; going round continually in 68; and keeping an eye on the money, a jump or two ahead of the tax gatherers, and a hole or two up on his rivals, Locke has a good deal on his mind. For the past six years he has looked about forty-one—and will almost certainly continue to do so for another ten.

He will be thirty-four this year.

★

Who . . . Me?

THIS all looks very good to me. I have no comment to make, as I am always prepared to accept what others think of me. Golf has been most kind to me, with headaches sometimes to my great opponents and a good few for myself. I always enjoy my tournament visits to England.

Bobby Locke

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Harold White.

HE MASTERED HIS EMOTIONS: BOBBY LOCKE

"FOUR IN A JEEP."—Swedish Viveca Lindfors plays the bewildered woman very touchingly. With her Hans Putz as Karl Edinger.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"ON THE RIVIERA."—The quieter side of Danny Kaye, in a brilliantly-controlled dual impersonation; that of a dapper French lady-killer, and an American night-club singer who "doubles" for him. He breaks out once or twice, of course, but most of the time is sleek as slipper satin; formal, elegant, precise.

"HAPPY GO LOVELY."—Technically British musical, made by an American director along American lines, with Hollywood stars David Niven, Cesar Romero and Vera-Ellen. Sumptuous, superficial and sometimes mildly funny, with lots of chorus girls and Technicolor dance-numbers, improbably supposed to take place in Edinburgh during the Festival season.

"THERE IS ANOTHER SUN."—An item which should not do much to increase the prestige of British pictures, about a fair-ground boxer who is prepared to risk his career, his marriage, his honour and the lives of others to help a discredited motor-cycle rider back on to the speedway. With Susan Shaw, Maxwell Reed and Laurence Harvey.

"ACE IN THE HOLE."—Hard-boiled Hollywood picture about a hard-boiled American reporter (Kirk Douglas), who keeps a man buried alive under a mountain for six days, in order to provide a front-page story and a carnival for tourists. Very well done and rather dreadful.

"SHOW BOAT."—Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel and Ava Gardner in the most luxuriant version yet of the Kern-Hammerstein musical show, with really first-class singing and some lovely pictures You can sit back and wallow in this one.

"WHITE CORRIDORS."—Dr. Sophie Dean (Googie Withers) has diagnosed a serious surgical case in the out-patients' department; asks the senior surgeon (Godfrey Tearle) to give his opinion.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

"FOUR IN A JEEP"

THE fact that the Swiss are in a position to make films about international problems and conflicts with complete impartiality, and that they can help very considerably in interpreting one people to another on the screen in a humane and objective spirit, does not necessarily imply that they will do so. The Swiss film industry is a small one, and its producers might be forgiven for attending strictly to their own interests and entertainment, without bothering about the affairs of others. Nevertheless, they haven't done so, bless them. From the little studios in Zurich have come, in recent years, three of the pictures most sensitively calculated to foster goodwill among nations—*Marie-Louise, The Last Chance* and *The Search*—and now they send us a fourth one, just as valuable and just as moving, called *Four in a Jeep*.

The scene is set in the international zone of Vienna, "the only place in the world where there's still any co-operation between the Western Powers and Russia." The Four are military policemen—an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman and a Russian—who patrol the sector daily in a jeep with the flags of their four nations fluttering jointly from the bonnet. There is coldness between the American and the Russian, but no open trouble, until one day they are involved in the case of a young Austrian woman suspected of harbouring her husband, a prisoner of war, who has broken camp a few days before repatriation.

I don't propose to tell you the rest of the story, in which the unfortunate young woman and her hunted husband are almost destroyed in the not-so-cold war between Eastern and Western ideology. I only beg of you to go and see it, for *Four in a Jeep* seems to me the wisest word yet spoken on the difficulties and chances of making the people of two such utterly different worlds understand each other. That it can and must be done is the hopeful message of the picture; that it is agonisingly hard to do and requires the strictest sort of individual discipline, is its solemn warning.

There are no sub-titles in the film, but the conversation in four languages has been so skilfully contrived that it is almost impossible for any English-speaking person to misunderstand it. It is delightful to be able to watch a Continental film without the aggravation of printed words jumping up across the pictures, and to anyone who has a smattering of French or German, the subtly characterstic shades of the translation, as one man explains a remark to his neighbour, is an added joy.

★

"WHITE CORRIDORS"

"WHITE CORRIDORS" is based on a novel by Helen Ashton called *Yeoman's Hospital*, which I once bought to give to a nice old aunt. But the old lady went and broke her leg, and having read, and, being in rude health myself, enjoyed the book, I decided not to give it to her, as it seemed far too depressing. The film fairly carries on the traditions of the novel.

It makes the fate of hospital patients seem such a chancy thing. Everything depends, apparently, on having a Googie Withers on the staff. Miss Withers plays the part of a resident surgeon, the only doctor with any *nous* about the place. She is the sort of motherly, wifely, sisterly and briskly business-like heroine whom every woman in day-dreams would love to be.

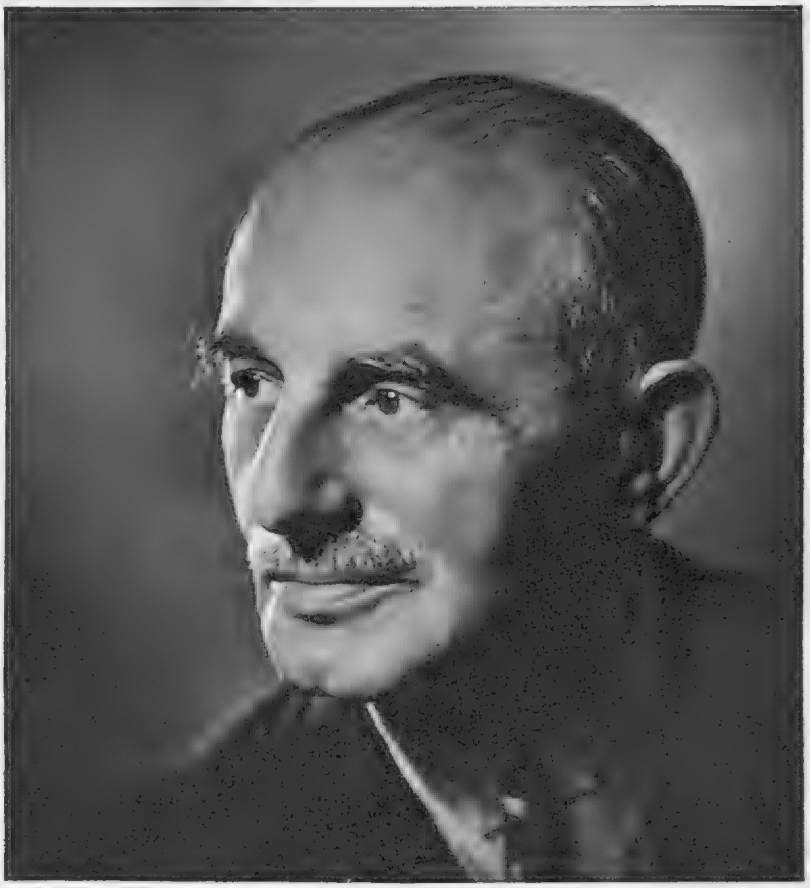
There are, of course, doctors such as the one Miss Withers impersonates, but it is awfully unsafe to rely on their presence on a particular spot at a particular moment, and *White Corridors* gives such a tepid testimonial to the rest of the staff at the hospital under study that it cannot be said to inspire a potential patient with much confidence. The film, which I am sure was meant to be a comforting one, suggests with rather shocking clarity how a patient's life may lie in the hands of careless or superannuated doctors, lovesick nurses, frightened probationers, and indifferent or stupid members of the Board of Governors. It does not encourage one to trust one's medical services, but if it pulls up the authorities to a sense of their responsibility, it will at least have done the country a good turn.

The acting is rather good. I liked Miss Withers, who really behaves like a woman with a serious job to do and sufficient nervous strength to overcome physical weariness. I liked Godfrey Tearle's impression of a fine old surgeon just turned *passé*, Barry Jones as the harassed house physician and at least one comfortable nursing sister who changed the dressings on a surgical case as though she lived exclusively for her duty.

I liked James Donald, too, as the temperamental pathologist, but there were moments when he enraged me so that I could have torn him off the screen and shaken him. Why can't he extend to an audience the courtesy of opening his mouth and speaking audibly? A quiet voice is all very well so long as the words are clearly enunciated, but Mr. Donald throws away too much to make the act of listening to him a congenial experience. It is a thousand pities that he doesn't pay more attention to this little matter, as he is an actor of considerable personality, with enough persuasion to charm a bird right down from a tree.

RADIO.—Jonquil Antony : For keeping the script of Mrs. Dale's Diary so much alive.

Frederick Laws



LITERATURE.—Gilbert Frankau : For the hell-for-leather gusto with which he carries the reader through his twenty-first novel, *Oliver Trenton, K.C.*

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

STAGE.—John Clements : For his buoyancy and intelligence through five crowded hours in that Shavian orgy, the full-length *Man and Superman*, a Saturdays-only adventure at the Princes.

J. C. Trewin

SCREEN.—Ava Gardner, as Julie in the new film version of *Show Boat*, because she poses so ravishingly in front of the Technicolor cameras that one wants to look at her again and again.

C. A. Lejeune

WHAT GOES ON

Dorothy Wilding.

TO BE MARRIED: on July 14, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Mr. John Mark to Miss Denise Anne Taylor. Mr. Mark was the runner who carried the Olympic torch into Wembley in 1948 and was also President of the Cambridge Athletic Club.

Social Calendar

July 9. A Dinner-Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. A fanfare by the Life Guards; reels played by the Scots Guards, and other dancing to Carroll Gibbon's band.

July 9. A Festival gala performance of Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, in aid of Sadler's Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund. The Queen will attend.

July 12. A Ball at the Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell. The Duchess of Gloucester will attend.

July 13. The Eton Beagle Hunt Ball at the Savoy. The Hurlingham Ball at Hurlingham Club.

July 20. The Guards' Boat Club Festival of Britain Ball at Maidenhead.

July 26. A gala performance by the International Ballet Company at the Festival Hall, in aid of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs. The Duchess of Kent will attend.

July 27. Regency Festival Ball in the Corn Exchange, Brighton. Dress of the period must be worn; tickets are 3 guineas.

Navana Vandyk.

ENGAGED: Valerie Anne, daughter of Group Captain and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, of the British Embassy, Cairo, and Lieut. David John Harding, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Harding, of 5, Wilton Court, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

Fayer.

TO BE MARRIED: on July 31, Jane, daughter of the late Major C. Trafford, M.C., and Mrs. Trafford, of 26, Moore Street, S.W.3, to Lt.-Cdr. Sherard Manners, R.N., son of Rear-Adml. Sir Errol Manners.

Lenare.

TO BE MARRIED: Deborah Kermode, daughter of Mr. D. W. Kermode, H.B.M. Ambassador to Indonesia, and Mrs. Kermode, will marry Christopher, son of Cdr. and Mrs. Stewart Lockhart.

Fayer.

TO BE MARRIED: on August 18, Patricia, daughter of Mr. S. H. Le Roy-Lewis, of Farnham, Surrey, and Mrs. Bettye Le Roy-Lewis, of 23, Westbourne Street, W.2, to Lieut. J. P. Fisher, R.N.

Lenare.

ENGAGED: Felicity Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Grant, The House on the Bend, Angmering, Sussex, to Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. V. Mackintosh, The Grange, Halifax, Yorks.

Fayer.

TO BE MARRIED: on July 17, Priscilla Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Harmsworth King, 109, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3, to Francis St. John Corbet, son of Mrs. F. Gore, of 28, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3.

Fayer.

WORKER: The Hon. Ann Denison-Pender, nineteen-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Pender, who has been working at the Foreign Office for the last eighteen months. Her recreation is tennis.

Harlip.

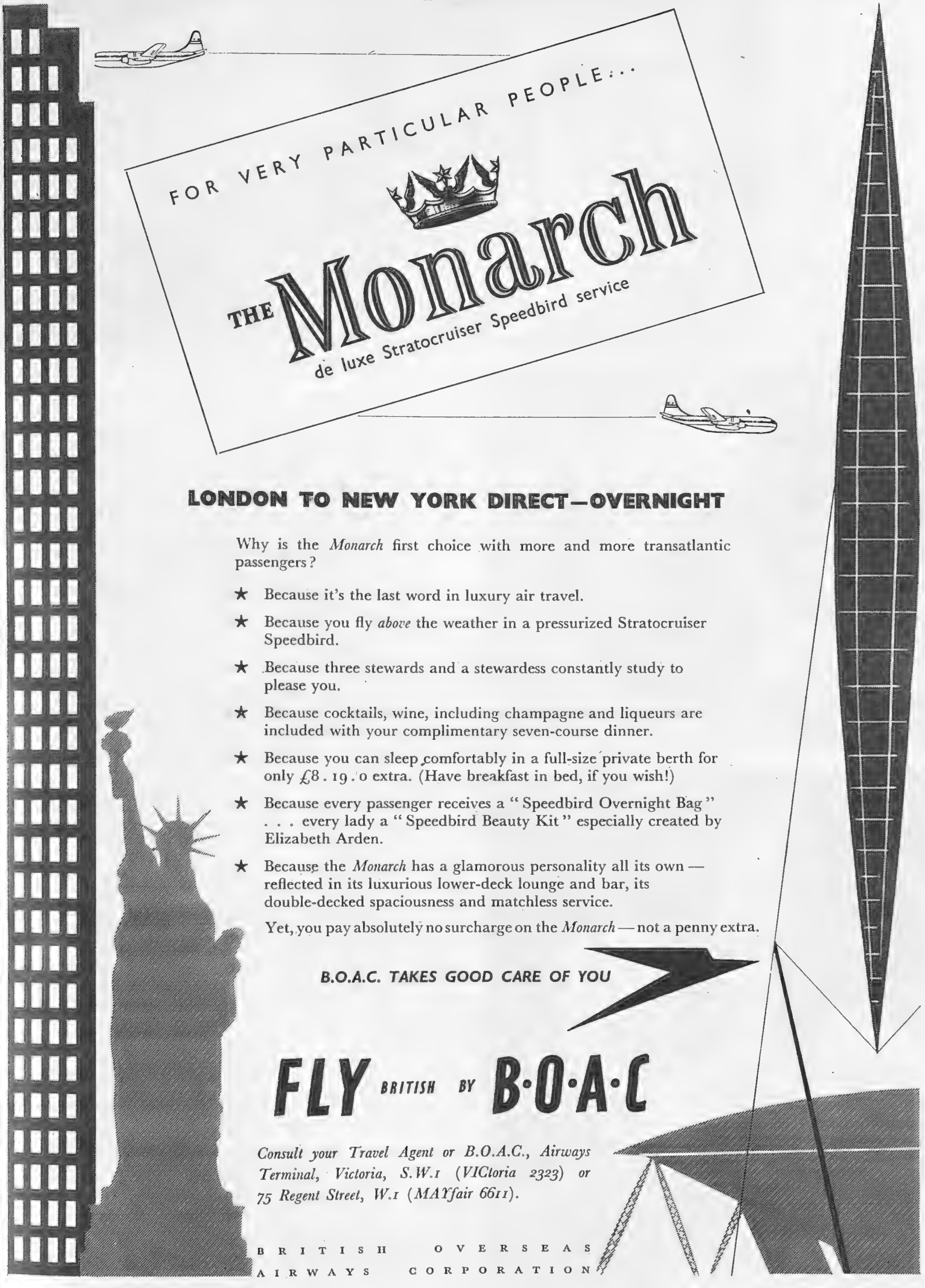
TO BE MARRIED: on July 28, Susan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Barnes, of Springfield, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, will marry James C. Brownlow, son of Col. and Mrs. Brownlow, of Portsferry, Co. Down.

Lenare.

TO BE MARRIED: on July 21, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Diana Muriel, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Herring-Cooper, of Manor House, Stockton, Wilts, to Lt.-Comdr. Richard Lionel Jay, D.S.C., R.N. (retd.).

Fayer.

TO BE MARRIED: on July 28, Celia Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hedley, 70, Westminster Gardens, S.W.1, to Nathaniel Robert, son of Major and Mrs. H. H. Blaker, of Anstye Place, Cuckfield, Sussex.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SUMMER BEAUTY BULLETIN

By

Veronica Lee

IN the picture above are three items making their début this season and two that aren't new but have proved their worth over several seasons. Left to right are : Elizabeth Arden's newest beauty aid for the older woman—Firmo-Lift Treatment Lotion. In this square pink bottle is a two-in-one blend of restoring oils and astringent herbs ; giving a preparation which will help to eradicate lines and wrinkles by enriching the surface skin and, at the same time, firm a relaxed jaw line and flabby throat. Price 35s., but the bottle lasts at least two months.

Next, in a triangular bottle, comes Helena Rubinstein's Estrogenic oil—full of vitamins and fresh hormone extracts. If your skin feels dry and tired . . . if you know you ought to feed it, yet hate going to bed with a greasy face, then this is the preparation for you. It literally vanishes into the skin and gives new life to thirsty tissues. Price 30s.

Lip-Cote is a colourless liquid which really *does* make your lipstick stay on and not reveal itself on napkins and tea-cups. You paint it on over your lipstick, let it dry for a few moments . . . and there you are, all set for the day without constant retouching.

"Touch and Glow" is the attractive name of Revlon's latest product which is just coming on the market in quantity now—a smooth, satiny, liquid foundation that successfully holds your make-up yet doesn't dry because it contains Lanolite. In 6 shades ; price 7s. 6d.

A new toilet soap has been timed to appear especially for the Festival of Britain. Made by Personality Beauty Products—well known for their turtle-oil soap—these tablets are delicately perfumed and coloured in pastel shades to go with your bathroom décor. Price 1s. each, or 3s. for the box as illustrated above.

THESE two items of Maria Horne's (left) are really all you need in creams and lotions for a summer holiday. The non-greasy Suntan Lotion protects your skin from burning and peeling, yet actually encourages the deep even tan you long to acquire. The Night and Day Beauty Twins—which screw together for convenience—consist of a cleanser that is also a lubricant, and a day cream that is both protective and an excellent tinted powder-base. Price 15s. the twin set. Lotion, 5s. 6d.

IN many skins, hot weather stimulates oiliness and encourages relaxed pores. Jane Seymour has a formula for this which includes two creams, a lotion and a special face powder. Here they are (bottom, left) : Pore Cream which acts astringently on enlarged pores ; Greaskin Cream which nourishes the under tissues without adding more oil to the surface ; Petal Lotion which comes in six shades and is a much better make-up foundation for a greasy skin than a cream one ; Greaskin Powder, in 13 shades, which is the right weight for a greasy skin and keeps that matt finish. As always with Jane Seymour's preparations, these are reasonably priced.

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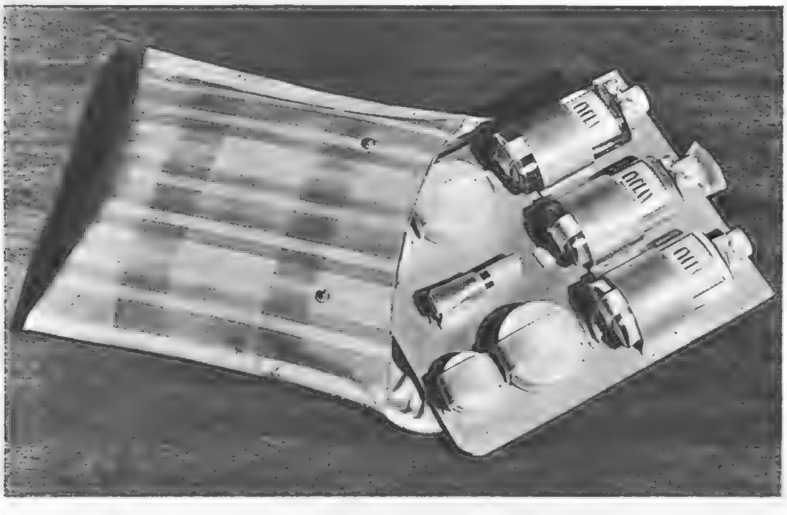
BEAUTY ON HOLIDAY

By Veronica Lee

Dorothy Gray's compact little make-up group will go nicely in your travel bag: consists of Finisheen foundation, rouge, powder, lipstick and eye-shadow. All five cost 32s. 1d., but, of course, each item can be bought separately.

Coty's new beauty bag is a fairly comprehensive item. It contains no less than ten preparations, plus a mirror, and even then leaves plenty of room for passport, money, books, etc. In a variety of materials and colour combinations. Price £6 9s. 6d.



Another beauty container which takes up a minimum of space in your suitcase is the new Cyclax Travel Pack. This attractive multi-coloured "envelope" contains eight preparations—all you need on holiday in the way of creams, lotions and make-up. Price £6 6s. 8d.

Charles of the Ritz "Sun-Bronze" lotion contains this year some of that wonderful preparation of his—Revenescence: prevents skin drying, gives that young, dewy look, yet doesn't stop you from tanning. Expensive (35s.), but very economical in use.

For glamour on holiday use Steiner's latest product "Starmist." It's really a make-up for the hair; comes in 4 colours: gold, silver, and light and dark copper. You spray it on after you've completed your hair-do and you should use it just to highlight the curls and waves. Price 12s. 6d. and, at the moment, only obtainable from the Steiner salon.

Following their "World of Beauty" lotion, Max Factor now give us a talc with the same delicate fragrance. Price 3s. 11d. and—great consideration these days—the quantity (5 ozs.) is nearly double that of the average container.

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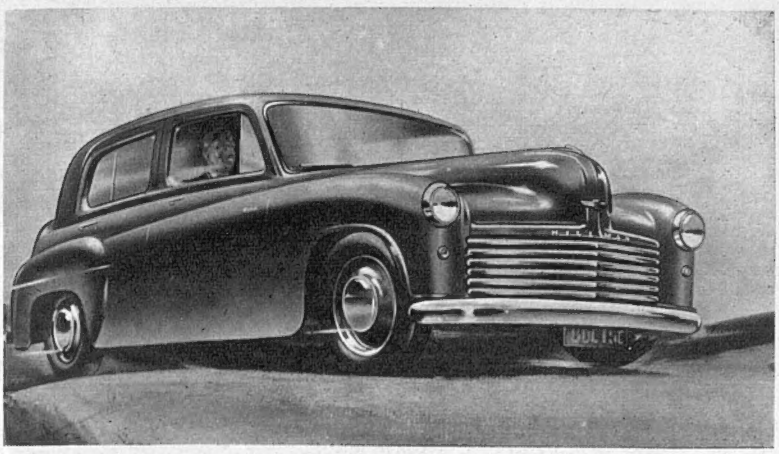

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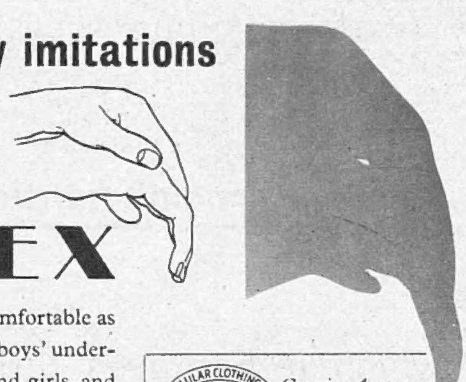

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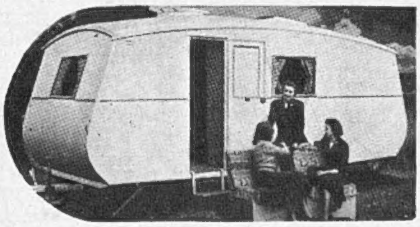

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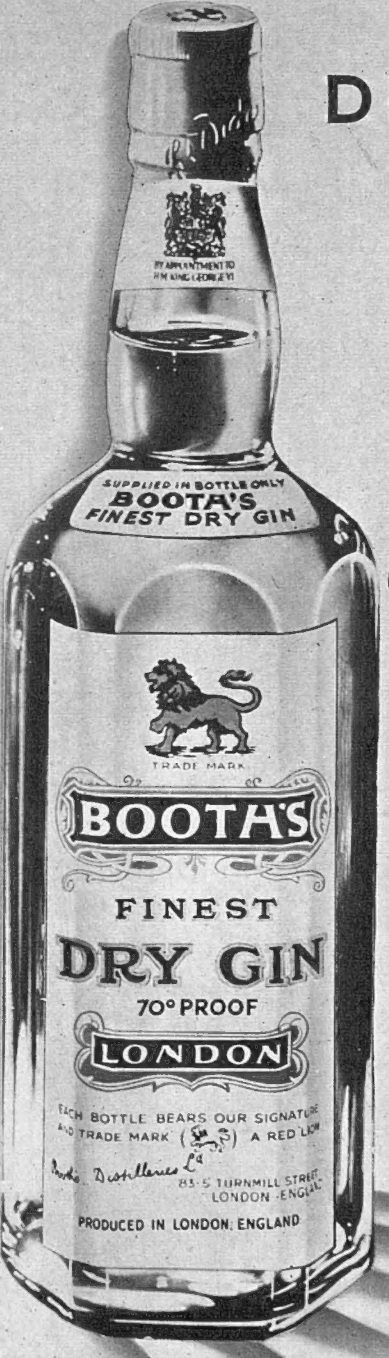

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